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FLIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS OF SHARPSBURG AT THE APPROACH OF THEIR REBEL DELIVERERS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 655.]

FORD NEAR SHEPHERDSTOWN, ON THE POTOMAC—PICKET FIRING ACROSS THE RIVER.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 655.]

"MY MARYLAND."

Ah me! I've had enough of thee,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Dear land! Thou art too dear for me,
Maryland, my Maryland!
I'll take the nearest ford and go,
I'll leave thee, darling, to the foe,
But do not let him kick me so,
Maryland, my Maryland!

You've dashed my hopes, ungrateful State,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Go! bless your stars I came too late,
Maryland, you understand!
I meant to dress you well in black,
And scar you with the battle's track,
And I had scourges for your back,
Maryland, my contraband!

Oh where are Longstreet, Hill, and Lee?
Maryland, my Maryland!
And "Stonewall" Jackson, where is he?
Maryland, my Maryland!
Four coat-tails streaming in the breeze,
And that is all a body sees;
Better than dangling from the trees,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Gray geese are flying southward, ho!
Maryland, O Maryland!
It's getting cold up there, you know,
Maryland, O Maryland!
I should have thought it rather warm,
South Mountain yonder took by storm,
Antietam yielded in alarm,
Maryland, O Maryland!

Blood-red my hand, and dead my heart,
Native land, my native land!
Columbia from her grave will start,
Murder'd land, my murder'd land!
Thy flag is like a sword of fire,
I'll fly, I'll fly its vengeful ire,
Beneath its stroke its foes expire,
Native land, my native land!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 11, 1862.

THE STATE ELECTION.

THE contest for Governor in this State possesses an importance scarcely second to that of the contest in the field on the banks of the Potomac or in the plains of Kentucky. A singular chance has arrayed the two parties who divide the North squarely and fairly against each other.

Horatio Seymour is a man of large political experience and decided ability. He has been Governor. His integrity has not been questioned. Whatever be the character of his leading supporters, his own is without stain. He presents himself as a war Democrat. He is in favor of the prosecution of the war. Though he rather intimates, in his speech accepting the nomination, that the responsibility for the war rests with the North, not the South—in other words, that it was the sheep's fault he was so tender, and the wolf couldn't help eating him—he is ready to overlook the initial fault committed by the Northern people, and to accept their cause with all its demerits.

James S. Wadsworth is a farmer of large means: born rich, handsomely educated, now a millionaire. Inexperienced in political life, he first loomed into notice when, fifteen months ago, he chartered and loaded a steamer with provisions for our troops, then beleaguered at Annapolis. Since then he has become a General, and it is charged against him that, while under the command of M'Clellan, he spoke and wrote in such wise as to bring his commander into dispute; that he disapproved of his policy, and was so reckless of discipline as to sneer publicly and privately at his being in command of the army. For the rest, General Wadsworth has fairly described himself as having been chosen by a Convention of men who were in earnest because they knew that he was in earnest.

If it can be substantiated that General Wadsworth is an enemy of General M'Clellan, and that while acting under his orders he worked with the politicians who were bent on undermining and ruining him, and wrote and spoke publicly against his commanding officer, he will lose a large number of votes which he would otherwise have polled. At the hour we write an immense majority of the people of New York believe that General M'Clellan is not only an able General, but is the best General we have for the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that he has been hardly used by the politicians at Washington. If the M'Clellan issue be fairly raised, and Wadsworth be placed before the people as the champion of the anti-M'Clellan party, he will lose not only the entire Democratic, but a large proportion of the Republican vote.

With regard to Seymour a new issue has been raised by the President's proclamation of freedom to the slaves. Is Horatio Seymour ready to stand upon that proclamation? If he is, and if Wadsworth can be identified, fairly and honestly, with the politicians who hampered M'Clellan, then the chances of the Democratic party will be very fair indeed.

But if Seymour can not stand upon the President's proclamation, it will become the clearest duty of every loyal citizen to vote against him, and to see to it that for the honor of the State of New York he is defeated by an overwhelming majority.

In time of peace honest men divide on questions of minor importance, and of local or temporary policy, without involving any question of their loyalty. In time of war there can be but two parties—the party in favor of the country, and the party in favor of the enemy. Any man who opposes the Government on fundamental questions of public policy, at the present crisis, is a public enemy and an ally of the rebels. There may have been, and there may be, many points upon which honest citizens may differ with the President. But this is not the time to discuss them. The question now is, whether the nation shall be saved or lost? Those who are in favor of its being saved will support the recognized Government even in measures which they do not heartily approve. Those who are in favor of its being lost will assail the Government by opposing its policy, and thus crippling its efforts to maintain the Union.

On and after 1st January next the war will be carried on not only for the restoration of the Union, but for the protection of over three million black men in the enjoyment of liberty. Can Horatio Seymour heartily help to prosecute the war on this basis? If he can not, then he is an enemy of the United States, and if New York elects him, it will be a triumph for Jefferson Davis.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PROCLAMATION.

The President's proclamation was discussed elsewhere in this paper last week. But every tongue that speaks or hand that writes will have a word to say of an act which is in itself simply just, but which in its results becomes sublime.

Nearly four millions of innocent human beings, against every instinct of justice and humanity, and in direct contradiction of the fundamental principle of this Government, are held as slaves and counted as property by the local law of certain States. The owners of these slaves, foreseeing that the natural increase of population in a nation of laboring men would limit a system of forced labor which can not live except by directly competing with free labor, and knowing that the limitation of slavery is its death, rose in rebellion against the Government of the people, hoping either to win a separation or to fatigue the people into granting a perpetual guarantee for slavery.

Meanwhile the system itself, as it was the source of the war, became its strength. It supplies the armies which fight against the country. It is more the strength of the rebellion than the cannon and powder and ball which mangle and murder the loyal citizens who oppose it with arms. The Government of the United States does not hesitate to seize and appropriate all those guns and that ammunition, and to take the lives of those who use them just as fast and as far as it can. And in obedience to the same necessity, and acting by the same right, it will destroy the assistance which slavery gives to the rebellion just as fast and as far as possible.

The act is in itself a military measure, dictated by common sense. In its scope it is a national purification. Its temporary intention is the maintenance of the Union and the Government. Its ultimate result is permanent peace and prosperity, founded upon the only principle that can secure either. Had the slaveholders trusted to political and constitutional means, they could not have evaded but they could have delayed the result. When they rushed to arms they gave the Government, under the Constitution, the right and the power to strike the system directly. And after due warning, after the ripening of the popular conviction that the blow must fall, at the very moment when it would tell most truly, the word is spoken, the honor of the nation is pledged, and the rebellion, and despotic Europe sympathizing with it, see the religious earnestness of a people which moves gradually, wisely, irresistibly to its triumph.

Like the old statue of the God which had one foot of marble and one of clay, so stood the Union, strong with its marble foot of Liberty, weak with the clay of Slavery. Failing and breaking from that weakness, the great statue itself tottered to its fall. But from the clouds and terror of that wild upheaval it emerges radiant, supreme, steadfast forever, both feet of spotless marble.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILDER DWIGHT.

At the dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in July last, after General Devens had made a stirring speech, and Holmes, in a clear, ringing voice, had chanted the fiery music of his battle-lyric, "Never or Now," and the other speakers had all obeyed the imperial impulse of the hour, there was a sudden and loud call for a young man who was trying to escape from the hall—the only retreat he ever willingly attempted—and at last, yielding to the summons, he turned and fronted the company with a bright, ardent smile, while, amidst the shouts and thunders of applause, the President introduced him as Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, a prisoner of war, at large upon his parole.

The heroic aspect, the burning words, the passionate appeal he made for honor and liberty, we shall none of us forget. And, now that he shall be seen no more, we remember him as he stood there, the express image of that dauntless daring, that blithe earnestness, that religious faith, by which alone the great victory is to be won.

At the beginning of the war Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight devoted himself, with the aid of friends, to raising the Massachusetts Second Regiment, of which he went into the field as Major. The regiment was assigned to Banks's division, and, with the exception of a rapid march to cover the retreat from Ball's Bluff, it remained inactive until the advance into the Shenandoah Valley in the early spring. In the retreat from the valley the regiment protected the rear, passing through a sharp engagement in the streets of Winchester, and Major Dwight, commanding the rear-guard, was wounded and captured. He was presently paroled, and upon the elevation of Colonel Gordon to a brigadiership Major Dwight was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and was exchanged in time to join his regiment after the battle of Cedar Mountain, where it was so fearfully cut up. The regiment marched with the army into Maryland, and at the battle of Sharpsburg, after riding triumphantly along the line of his regiment, showing the men the rebel colors they had taken, he was talking with his Colonel, when he was struck by a ball. "Colonel, I think I am hit," he said, reeled, fell, and died after two days.

Wilder Dwight went to the war, with the clearest knowledge of its object, and of the desperation with which it was to be fought. With the most cheerful calmness he looked death in the face: offered his joyous youth, his high hopes, the bright promise of his future, as so many of his friends had done, a glad sacrifice to God and his fellow-men, and God has accepted it. Oh, not in vain! not in vain! The costly heart's-blood of all these young and brave shall not be wasted. Every sacred drop is counted, every pang of wound or disease remembered, and the cause of human liberty, which is the precious care of the country they died to save from the most cruel barbarism, shall be hallowed forever by the memory of their valor.

OUT OF THE FOG.

All political parties in this country are now annihilated. They will, of course, retain their old names and use their old organizations. But the only question now is of the maintenance of the Government. We are all either for it or against it. If we are for it, it can be attained only by supporting the constitutional authorities, and the policy adopted by them. If we are against it, we can serve the cause of disunion only by resisting the measures of the Government.

By resistance we do not mean discussion. These columns have always claimed and exercised the right of candid, loyal debate, just as they have insisted that as in war words are things, the disloyal speeches of persons like Vallandigham and his fellows should be suppressed. But a lukewarm, hesitating, doubtful support of the Government, now that it has declared itself upon the only question about which we differ, is an unhesitating assistance to the national enemy. And circumstances now compel every man to declare himself.

Every close observer of affairs knows that we were drifting in a fog, in which we were likely to be wrecked upon the shoals of compromise. But the fog is lifted. We see the channel and every rock and shallow. To drop the figure, the game of the gentlemen who usurp the name Democratic to annihilate the essential principle of Democracy, was to clamor loudly in support of the Government whose action they thought to be so inefficient that it would disgust the people and incline them to believe that the war could not be successfully ended. They depended upon the fatigue of the war, upon the pressure of the tax, upon the prostration of general trade, upon the old cry of abolitionism, upon the new cry of arbitrary oppression, and upon the feeling of the weakness of the administration, to tire the nation into asking "how can we make this thing up?"

"If we can only get an armistice," said these gentlemen, "and persuade Jeff Davis and his States to send representatives and Senators to Congress, we will try to send enough 'conservative' men to meet them—and to give Davis and Toombs and Floyd and Cobb and Wigfall and Company the guarantees they want. Then will follow the reaction. Any allusion to slavery will be stopped every where. The slave States will be a unit for us. We can count upon the reaction to give us enough power in the free States, and, presto! we are made men! Then we will undo the doings of the last Congress, on the ground that grave measures were passed when half of the country was unrepresented. The bill prohibiting territorial slavery is only an act, and can be repealed. The confiscation act tends to exasperate our lately-goaded brethren—we will strike that off the books. And so, by giving perpetual guarantees to slavery, and securing its unlimited extension, as our worthy and fit leader Mr. Seymour advised us to do before the rebellion broke out, we Democrats, or lovers of the rights of man, will become perpetual cocks of the walk. The first step to all this is to dishearten the people with the war. The course of the Government does that, so we will scoff at its incapacity, but declare that there is nothing left but to support it."

This was the pretty plan. Suddenly comes what the *Herald* calls "a burst of sunshine." The fog scatters, and, not to speak it irreverently, Messrs. Seymour, Wood, and Co. are caught without their clothes.

GENERAL MITCHELL.

Two years ago next December there was a famous meeting at the Academy of Music in favor of the Union. Mr. Charles O'Conor made a speech. He thought the Union endangered by those who insisted that Justice was good policy, and not by those who denied equality of rights. The most striking and eloquent speech of the evening, however, was that of Professor Mitchell, the astronomer, a Kentuckian, and "a conservative," as the word was technically used.

Professor Mitchell is now General Mitchell. He is for the Union now, as he was then. Then he thought it could be saved by words, and his words were fiery. Now he knows that it is to be saved by war, and his theory of war is that it shall hurt. He has served in the Southwest, and no general hurt the enemy or thrilled the country with victory more than he. Why? Because he is thoroughly in earnest: earnest in every conviction, wish, and aspiration of his soul; in every drop of his blood, in every muscle, nerve, and fibre of his frame. He believes in the cause as children in their parents, and Christians in God. He comprehends the scope of the war: its origin, its purpose, and its awful importance. His words burn. They go through his men like flames, and they kindle with the purest enthusiasm. He has the ardor, the conviction, the skill, and rapidity which are irresistible. If every soldier and every general were like him, the rebellion would be utterly consumed as by fire.

General Mitchell has lately been placed in command of the Department of South Carolina, etc. He arrived and visited every camp and spoke with every regiment. His address to the garrison of Fort Pulaski is reported; and there has been no such talking to the soldiers in this war.

"This is a contest for human freedom: a contest for the absolute supremacy of the people: it is a contest in which is arrayed absolute liberty on one hand, and on the other the most hateful and abominable aristocracy."

He told the soldiers their duty as soldiers, in the clearest and most intelligible manner. He continued:

"A good soldier when he lies down at night conscious of having performed his duty perfectly don't care whether he gets up alive or dead. I want you to understand that you have made a free-will offering of yourselves to your country, and to the great cause of human liberty. Your lives are not your own. My life is not my own." * * * * "Your fortunes are to a certain extent in my keeping. Rest assured that day and night I shall think of you; day and night I shall care for you, and your interests shall be in my thoughts. Rest assured that I shall endeavor to see that you get from the Government all that it has promised you, punctually and systematically. In return, I shall expect from you the most complete and perfect service: the most absolute devotion. When I order you to move, I shall expect you to go forward with spirit and alacrity. When I ask you to attack yonder battery, I shall expect you to march over it, and to plant your bayonets beyond it, halting when the word is given, not before. Now, boys, we understand each other."

Of course they do. There is no stuff in all this. It is not rhetoric copied from Napoleon's bulletins, which is the vice of all our military addresses hitherto. These are the words of a man who is a soldier for a special, heart-felt, and most solemn purpose. They show a leader who is every inch a man and an American, who knows that this rebellion must be stricken and annihilated in every form and force, or it will utterly overthrow the Government either by its arms or its arts.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

"Granting, what no sensible man will dispute, that the President has the constitutional right and power to issue a proclamation, is it not likely to be what he said to the Chicago delegation there was a chance of its being, a Pope's bull against the comet?"

This is a question that many a loyal man asks himself, and it deserves an answer.

As to the President's characteristic expression, it will not be forgotten that he said he was wondering if it might not be so. If he thought it would, he would not issue it. If he thought it would not, he would issue it. As he has done so, it is very clear what he thinks upon that point.

But the positive effects of the step are the declaration of the unhesitating energy and thoroughness with which the war is to be waged. It is the manifesto of a policy. It is the clear announcement that the integrity of the Union is more sacred than Slavery. It says that it will do every thing that it can do to weaken and destroy the rebellion. It informs the rebels in arms that the Government is as determined as they are, and the secret friends of the rebels at the North that they can no longer mask treason in the guise of upholding the President. It sends the conviction, as with a stream of light into every home and heart in the land, that this bloody agony of the nation shall not be in vain; that we shall not have spent these noble lives, nor have quietly endured the restrictions of speech and the *habeas corpus*, nor have spent our money and mortgaged that of our children, merely to have the rebels win by craft what they have lost by cannon.

While in such ways it is a moral fortification of the Government such as no other step could be, it puts in force the laws of Congress so that henceforward every slave who falls within our lines is free; and any General who assumes to send men within the enemy's lines, either to help them or to be harmed by them, will be disgraced before God and the country. How infamous the conduct of many an officer has been in this matter we all know. They have deliberately thrust men who sought their protection back within the enemy's lines! By what conceivable rule of common sense or of common honor does a General of the United States send men to the enemies of this country to be tortured by them? Still more, why does he send the enemy assistance from our own lines? *This* stupid crime, at least, is forever stopped.

But while thus the advance of the army advances the lines of liberty, every slave now knows that they are so advanced, and that the nearer the army, the nearer his freedom. The advantage of this knowledge is to be reckoned by every man's common sense. If the Proclamation had issued before the advance of the Western and Southern armies, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, with Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana, would now be held by native black garrisons. They will be so held in the future. Why did Jeff Davis so savagely denounce Generals Hunter and Phelps? Because, as we have said before, he knows what hurts him. He knows where he is weak and must wince if hit. Now if the proclamation of a General in a Department, repudiated by the Govern-

ment, wounds him so sorely, what is he likely to think of the proclamation of the Government, enforced by all its armies and Generals? He knows, and every man in the South knows, that the news will flash like daybreak all through the world of slaves. It will be as silent but as swift. But if, in time of peace, when there is no hope of successful movement felt by the slaves, the apprehension of the community expresses itself in such laws for the suppression of disorders as fill the slave State statute-books, what will be the condition of that community now?

If slavery be the just, patriarchal, happy, comfortable, and Christian condition of things, most fitted and most delightful to the slaves and to the peace of the country, which its friends and advocates declare it to be, then the Proclamation will produce no uneasiness in the rebellious States. But if it is a wrong, and the slaves feel it to be so, every man knows, whatever he professes, exactly what its operation will be.

WHO IS WHO?

These columns, we say, are neither Democratic nor Republican; they are simply Union. *Harper's Weekly* has no politics; but it has the unswerving loyalty to the Government which every honest citizen and paper owes, and it has a corresponding duty of censure upon all who seek to arouse old party passions.

This effort was deliberately made by Mr. Horatio Seymour, who was lately nominated by Mr. Fernando Wood and his friends for Governor of New York. His speech of acceptance, of which Mr. Fernando Wood said that he "indorsed every word," was neither a plea for the Government, nor a denunciation of the rebellion, nor an appeal to every patriotic heart to strain yet another nerve in saving the country, nor a burning tribute to the brave and noble martyrs in the cause, but a dry, elaborate special plea and justification for the party with which he has acted. No other party, he said, is fitted to carry on the government.

Mr. Seymour provokes a very brief historical reminiscence upon the point of peculiar fitness.

Mr. Buchanan was the late Democratic President. In his Cabinet and by his connivance the rebellion was matured. Mr. Cobb—now a rebel General—was the Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Floyd—now a rebel General—was the Democratic Secretary of War. Mr. Thompson—a conspicuous rebel instigator—was the Democratic Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Jefferson Davis, the rebel President; Mr. Toombs, his Secretary of State; Mr. Benjamin, his late Secretary of War; Slidell, the rebel emissary in Paris; Mason, the ditto in London; Wigfall, Yulee, Chestnut, and the rest, were Democratic Senators of the United States. The most conspicuous members of that party in the Cabinet and Senate, assisted by representatives of the same faith in the House, organized at the national capital the plot to overthrow the national Government, in which they were assisted by the Democratic Governors of Southern States. For seventeen months the country has, in consequence, been convulsed and desolated by a ferocious war. Every family is bereaved—every citizen is heavily taxed—the prosperity of the nation is paralyzed and its very existence menaced; and every open defender or secret sympathizer with this bloody effort to ruin the Government and the country has been identified solely with the Democratic Party.

The Republican party may be unfitted to direct the Government, but if this record proves that the Democratic party is better fitted, it can only be because words have ceased to have meaning.

The gentleman who brings the charge of unfitness has been selected in New York as the candidate of that party. He prides himself upon having urged the Government to surrender to the rebellion before a shot had been fired. His speech has ample and labored vituperation and accusation—not of the enemies of the country, but of the friends of the Administration which is maintaining the Government. Are his most vehement supporters, in or out of the Convention, the most loyal of Union men? Does he take his stand upon a purely partisan, or a purely patriotic platform? Will, or will not, Jeff Davis in Richmond, Slidell in Paris, and Mason in London, rejoice to hear of his election? and *can* that which pleases these men really be serviceable to the country in this extremity?

These are *not* party or political questions. They are questions of the further existence of the Government unawed by rebellion, and unchanged by compromise with rebels in arms.

LYING.

It is quite time that every body concerned understood that this nation wants to know what has happened, not what might have happened, nor what somebody expected would happen. We don't want official optimism, civil or military, to be telegraphed as news. We are a serious people, engaged in a serious work, and whoever tells us lies does not help us, and hurts himself.

When a battle is fought why will not the General who reports it to the Government, the Government which tells it to the people, and the correspondents who describe it, remember that the questions asked by the people are: Did we whip? Were we whipped? Was it a drawn battle? "Glorious victory" has become as absurd a phrase as "Strategy." Nobody sees those words at the head of the column without a cold shudder as to what he is to find below.

In the late Maryland battles we were informed on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings that we had achieved great and glorious victories: that the rebel army *was to be* annihilated or captured, and that Lee and Jackson *were to be* taken by sunset. On Friday morning it appeared that after a series of battles lasting for three or four days we rested upon our arms in face of the full force of the still undefeated enemy, while Harper's Ferry, the key of the position, had been snatched from our grasp.

That we had fought magnificently was most true; that we had lost up to that time two precious lives in Reno and Mansfield; that some of our bravest and best leaders were wounded; that, as General Hooker said, "the carnage was awful;" that we had gained some important advantages; that the opening action, under Hooker and Burnside, at South Mountain was most brilliant: all this was true. But so the rebels had fought well; and while we had some advantages, they had Harper's Ferry; and after the fourth day's fighting the issue was still doubtful. Where, then, was the "glorious victory" which had been thundered in our ears all the week?

Still, the newsmongers of all stations have high authority. When the English line fell back a little at Waterloo, and the final and fatal charge of French cavalry was ordered, Napoleon sent off a courier to Paris with the news of his "glorious victory." But his messenger had hardly left the roar of the battle behind him when the day was lost to France. If we are to imitate Napoleon, however, let it be in his power, not in his weakness; in his battles, not in his bulletins; in his marvelous rapidity, concentration, and persistence, not in his deceit and grandiloquence. This is a war of the people, not of a party, or of a general, or of a clique. Let us have the naked facts, and we can supply them with the necessary rhetoric.

THE TEST QUESTION.

Since the war began and the only public question of moment was the maintenance of the Government and the unconditional surrender of the rebellion, we have advocated in these columns the use of every constitutional means to that end. We have urged every man to bear constantly in mind the character and scope of the struggle, and to make every act and vote of his tell in the strongest manner against the rebellion. Whether he were a Republican or a Democrat, we have assumed that he had forgotten those names for the time, and wished to be known only as a patriot. The question of the particular course the ship was to steer was lost in the question of saving the ship itself. We are still engaged in the work. All hands are called to the pumps. The question still is, not shall we sail North or South? but shall we sail at all?

In the coming elections, therefore, the test question is, what result will please the rebels most? Here are candidates for Congress, for Governor, and for other offices. Even allowing that all are equally honest, whose success do Davis, Toombs, & Co. desire?

If you can settle that question, and find those candidates, those are the men you are to vote against. The men whom the rebels most detest, the Generals they most hate, the measures they most denounce, are the men, Generals, and measures for every sincerely and wholly loyal citizen.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Cutting off two feet from a man is making short work of him.

"I say, Jim, are there any bears in your country in the winter?" "Y-e-s; the ice bears!"

The herb doctors think that, to be healthy and vigorous, a man, like a tree, must take root.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a barrel.

A railroad conductor, out of employment at present, wants to know when the "Equinoctial line" is to be opened, as he thinks of applying for a situation.

Love.—At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweet-hearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart a few moments."

Smith (*who wasn't the least frightened*). "Certainly, Sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

Mrs. Partington says she has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but she knows of many thousand younger ones who have kissed very great calves.

A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up all her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat without muttering."

"I repeat," said a person of questionable veracity, "that I am an honest man." "Yes," was the reply, "and how often will you have to repeat it before you believe it yourself?"

Can knocking a man down with a loaf of bread strictly be called smiting him with the "staff of life?"

The Very Thing.—"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill," said an enraged tailor to a dandy, who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow!" replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes; "that's just what I want."

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet-bag? Because he finds it in-*creases*.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation? Because he should be re-*paired*.

"Don't want you any longer," said an employer to a very tall clerk.

"Look well before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

Physicians should make good sailors, they are so thoroughly used to *see sickness*.

"What blessings children are," as the parish-clerk said when he took the fees for christening them.

A man isn't likely to die from having his head carried away in a fight, if 'tis his legs that carry it away.

Troubles are like dogs—the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheeks—decidedly becoming, if not put on.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

Real Inn-dependence.—Living at a hotel as long as you like, and going away without paying the bill.

Act upon your own conviction, or it may be the sheriff's duty to act upon your conviction before you are much older.

"You look as though you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fop standing by a donkey.

A juryman having applied to the Recorder to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the latter asked, "Could you not hear my charge to the grand jury, Sir?" "Yes, I heard every word of it," was the reply, "but couldn't make any sense of it."

While thousands fall by clashing swords, ten thousand fall by corset boards; yet giddy females (thoughtless train!) for sake of fashion yield to pain.

A Parisian robber, who was seized in the act of stealing from the shop of a tobacconist, said, by way of excusing himself, that he had never heard of a law which forbade a man to *take snuff*.

A musical composer having been asked if he had done any thing lately, said, "Yes, my last work was a composition with my creditors."

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a sovereign, answered briskly, "With pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending sovereign, and it is out."

A lively Hibernian exclaimed, at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star, "Och, Master Theodore, but you are the *hook* that nobody can *bate*."

Robert Hall was unhappy in his courtship of Miss Steel. While he was yet smarting beneath the disappointment he went out to tea. The lady of the house said, with no very good taste, "You are dull, Mr. Hall; we have no polished steel here to entertain you." "Oh, madam, that's not the slightest consequence; you have plenty of polished brass!"

Among the expedients adopted by the sutlers to sell contraband liquor to the soldiers one is exceedingly novel. They drop a couple of peaches into a bottle of whisky, and sell the compound as "pickled peaches!" A more irreverent expedient is to have a tin can made and painted like a hymn-book, and labeled "The Bosom Companion!"

A one-legged Welsh orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced it was all settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it 'ud av been a good thing if it had only settled in yer head."

Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Because they are too long in them.

What port is sought by every living creature?—Support.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America:

Whereas, It has become necessary to call into service, not only volunteers, but also portions of the militia of the States by draft, in order to suppress the insurrection existing in the United States, and disloyal persons are not adequately restrained by the ordinary processes of law from hindering this measure, and from giving aid and comfort in various ways to the insurrection. Now, therefore, be it ordered, that during the existing insurrection, and as a necessary measure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders and abettors within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting militia drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording aid and comfort to the rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by courts-martial or military commission.

Second: That the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended in respect to all persons arrested, or who are now, or hereafter during the rebellion shall be, imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prisons, or other place of confinement, by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There is nothing new from the army of the Potomac. General M'Clellan is encamped on the Maryland side, his army stretching from Williamsport to Harper's Ferry. The rebels are believed to have fallen back in the direction of Winchester. On 26th General Griffin crossed at Blackburn's Ford and made a reconnoissance for a considerable distance without meeting any enemy in force. Several reconnoitring parties have been sent out in the direction of Centreville, but no force of the enemy could be found. A few cannon, abandoned by the rebels in the neighborhood of Manassas, were found and brought in. General Stahel proceeded as far as Brentsville, and dispersed a band of guerrillas who were lurking in that vicinity.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

General Buell with the bulk of his army arrived at Louisville on 25th, having outstripped Bragg, and forced him to fall back toward the east. The two armies are still manœuvring, and a battle is expected somewhere in the Blue Grass country. Whether General Morgan still holds Cumberland Gap, or has advanced to Richmond, Kentucky, is an undecided question. Several of the gaps in the mountains have been closed by detachments from Buell's army. General Buell's army at latest dates was at and about Shepherdsville, and Bragg's near Bardstown. The excitement at Louisville, some account of which is given on page 654, has entirely subsided.

On 22d Colonel M'Cook's cavalry brigade succeeded in recapturing Munfordsville, driving out the rebel cavalry, who lost a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel in the engagement. Our loss was slight.

Several small squads of rebels were captured during the march of Buell's forces.

MURDER OF GENERAL NELSON.

Major-General Wm. Nelson was killed on 29th in Louisville by Brigadier-General J. C. Davis. It is said that Davis met Nelson in the hall of the Galt House, and attempted to speak with him—that Nelson refused to listen, turning away from him. That Davis followed and again addressed him, when Nelson turned and said, "Do you wish to insult me, you cowardly puppy?" and struck him over the head. Davis retired, and got a pistol from another officer, and then pushed through the crowd and shot Nelson through the breast, mortally wounding him. Nelson walked up stairs, saying that he was murdered, and died in about half an hour. From all the statements thus far at hand, it seems that General Nelson treated General Davis with unbearable insult.

REBELS AT AUGUSTA, KENTUCKY.

From Augusta, Kentucky, we are informed that, on a date not named, the place was attacked by 640 mounted rebels, with two cannon, under the command of a brother of the guerrilla John Morgan. The Union forces, under Colonel Bradford, numbering 120 men, took refuge in houses and fired from windows, killing and wounding 90 of the rebels. Among the rebels killed were three captains, one of them a younger brother of John Morgan. Among the rebels mortally wounded was Lieutenant-Colonel Prentice, a son of George D. Prentice, editor and proprietor of the Louisville *Journal*. Our loss was 9 killed and 15 wounded. The remainder of our forces were taken prisoners. Subsequently a Union force from Maysville intercepted and attacked the rebels, when they fled in a perfect panic. The result of the pursuit has not yet been learned.

THE CONVENTION OF GOVERNORS.

The Convention of the Governors of the loyal States commenced on 25th ult. at Altoona, Pennsylvania. There were sixteen States represented in the Convention, the following Governors neither being present themselves nor sending proxies: E. D. Morgan, Republican, of New York; William A. Buckingham, Republican, of Connecticut; William Burton, Democrat, of Delaware; Charles Robinson, Republican, of Kansas; Austin Blair, Republican, of Michigan; Alexander Ramsay, Republican, of Minnesota; John Whittaker, Democrat, of Oregon; Leland Stanford, Republican, of California. The official record of the Governors' meeting shows that they discussed, and with a single exception adopted, an address to the President setting forth the following points: *First.* A cordial personal and official respect for the President. *Second.* A determination, under all circumstances, to support and maintain the President's constitutional authority, the Governors therein speaking for themselves and the people of their respective States. *Third.* Pledging to the President their aid in all measures calculated to bring the war to an early termination, which should be prosecuted to ultimate victory unless all the rebels should return to their constitutional duty and obedience. *Fourth.* Congratulating the President upon his Proclamation to emancipate the slaves, believing it will be productive of good as a measure of justice, humanity, and sound policy. *Fifth.* Referring to the wants of the soldiers who have fought our battles. This address was the whole story; no counter-propositions or amendments were offered; they proposed to bring wounded soldiers to their own homes, suggested reformation in the abuse of furloughs, and agreed that it would be good to have an army of reserve of 100,000 men for future emergencies.

THE LOSS AT ANTIETAM.

Official reports of the killed and wounded in the late battle are published. The total loss of the Union army at the battle of Antietam, in killed, wounded, and missing, has been ascertained to be 10,000, and may be divided as follows:

Loss in General Sumner's corps	5,209
Loss in General Hooker's corps	2,619
Loss in General Burnside's corps	1,600
(Estimated) in General Banks's and Franklin's corps	572
Total	10,000

REBEL VIEWS OF THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

The Richmond *Enquirer* claims the battle of Antietam as a great rebel victory. It was directed by General Lee in person with 60,000 men in his command. The rebel account makes our force 150,000. General Jackson commanded the left of the rebel line, General Hill the right, and General Longstreet the centre. It is admitted that our artillery was used with fearful effect, and that upon the whole the battle was the most severe of the entire campaign. Two rebel Generals were killed—Stark, of Mississippi, and Branch, of North Carolina—and six others were wounded. The Petersburg *Express* makes the significant admission that all hopes of Maryland uniting her destinies with the South must now be banished. The experiment to rouse her people to follow the fortunes of the rebel army is proclaimed to have been a dead failure, and the devoted adherence of the State government, the press, and the majority of the people to the Federal Government is acknowledged by the *Express*.

FORT MORGAN CHALLENGED.

On the afternoon of the 30th the United States gun-boat *Winona*, Lieutenant Commanding Thornton, ran under the fire of Fort Morgan, which is considered the defense of Mobile, and opened fire on a rebel steamer lying inside, driving off her crew and damaging her greatly by the explosion of an 11-inch shell in her bow. Fort Morgan opened a heavy fire on the *Winona*, but she escaped unhurt.

AFFAIRS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A special dispatch from Helena speaks of an expedition from that place down the Mississippi as far as Napoleon, where our boats were fired upon from Prentiss, a one-horse Mississippi town on the eastern bank. We had seven killed and nine wounded. Our boats shelled the shore, but it is not known what damage was done. At another town—Randolph—on the Mississippi one of our steamers was hailed; the clerk went ashore to know what was wanted, when he was seized by ambushed guerrillas. The boat returned to Memphis for troops, with the intention of obliterating the traitors' nest now known as Randolph.

ANOTHER ORDER FROM GENERAL BUTLER.

General Butler has issued an order forbidding the transfer of property, or rights of property—real, mixed, personal or incorporeal—except necessary food, medicine, and clothing, either by way of sale, gift, pledge, payment, lease or loan, by any inhabitant of the Department who has not returned to his or her allegiance to the United States—the person transferring and the person receiving to be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both. All registers of transfer of certificates of stock or shares in any incorporated or joint stock company or association, in which such person has any interest, are likewise forbidden.

MAINE FILLS HER QUOTAS.

Maine has filled her entire quotas under both calls for 300,000 men. Her quota under the first was 7000, and all the men have been in the field for four weeks past. Under the last call for drafted men, Maine has 9600 men ready, all raised by volunteering, and they have all been in the camps at Portland, Augusta, and Bangor since the 15th inst. They are all ready to move the moment they are uniformed and equipped. Prior to these contributions, Maine had sent over 18,000 men, and, including the 4000 seamen she has given to the navy, she has raised 40,000 men for the Union. The population of Maine is 628,000. She claims the pre-eminence of being the Banner State in raising volunteers.

IOWA DOES THE SAME.

Iowa has filled her quota under the call for 600,000. She has every man in the field by voluntary enlistment, and all for three years or the war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

REBEL STEAMERS BUILDING.

It is reported that the Southern rebels are having a large number of war steamers built in England; that they are purchasing steam vessels already finished, and that a steam ram is being constructed in the River Mersey for their service.

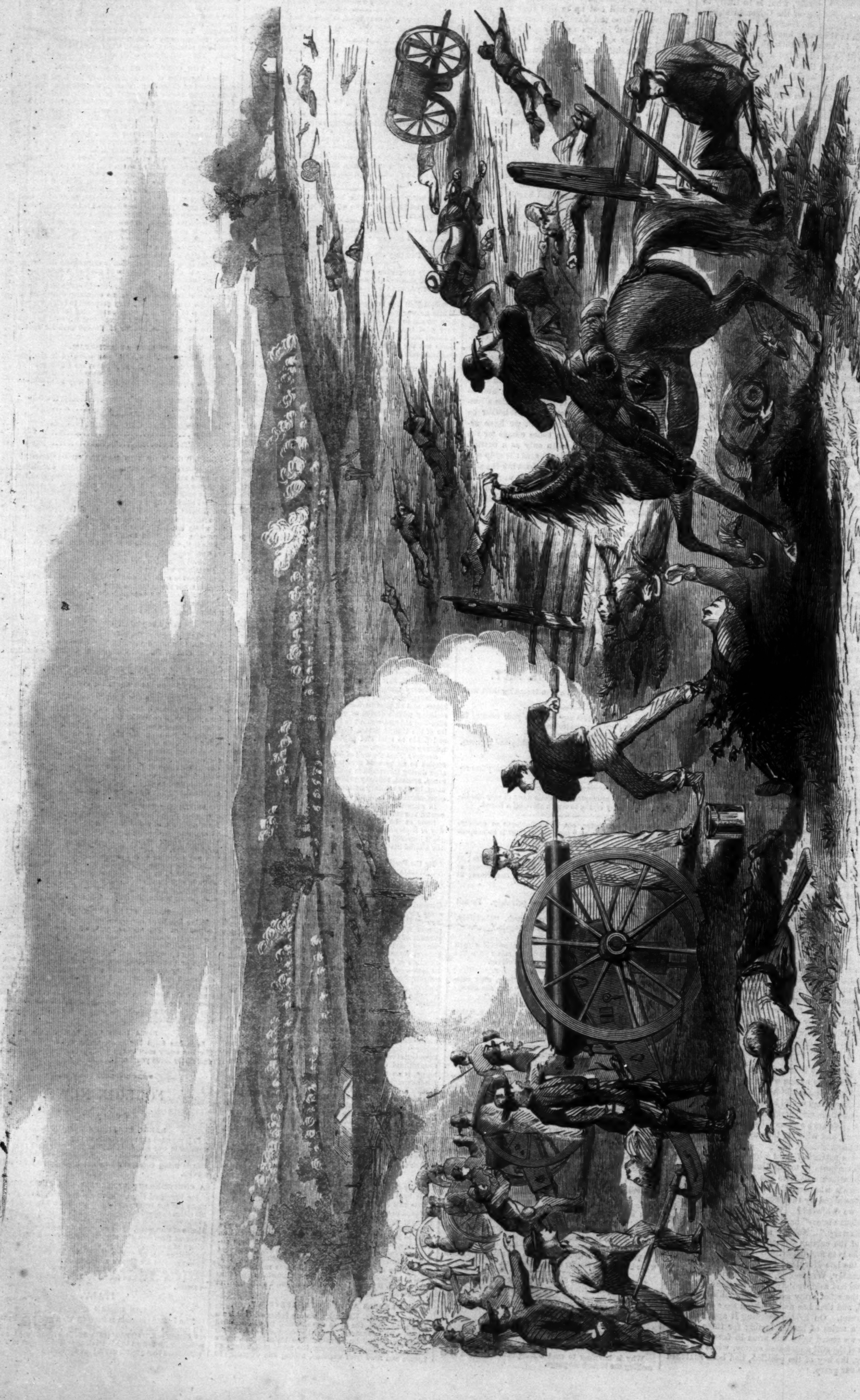
A CONFEDERATE CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Beresford Hope, when seeking an election to Parliament for the borough of Stoke-on-Trent, England, bases his claim to popular support chiefly on his former advocacy of the recognition of the independence of the South in the House of Commons. His arguments were heard with disfavor at first, but the electors were inclined toward his views at the conclusion of his speech. The Manchester politicians, under advice of Mr. Bright, circulated pamphlets against Mr. Hope's prospects, on account of his sympathy with the rebels, and the danger of involving England with the United States by such legislation as he advocated.

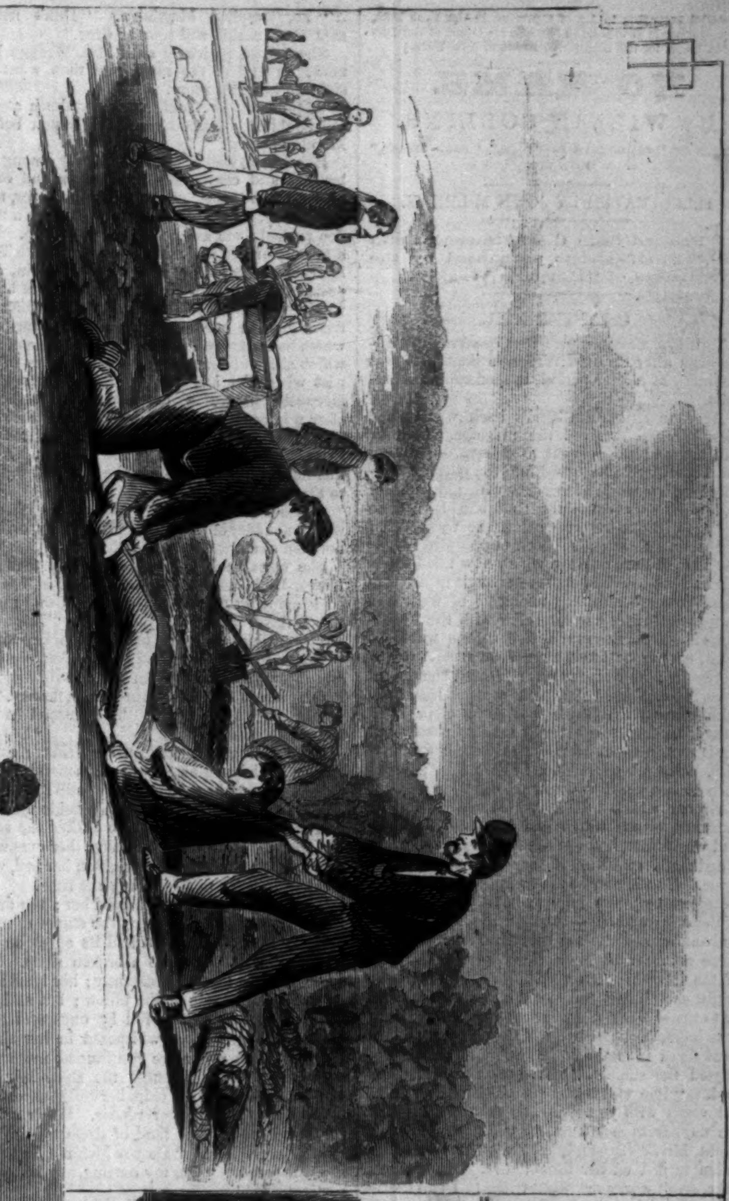
ITALY.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

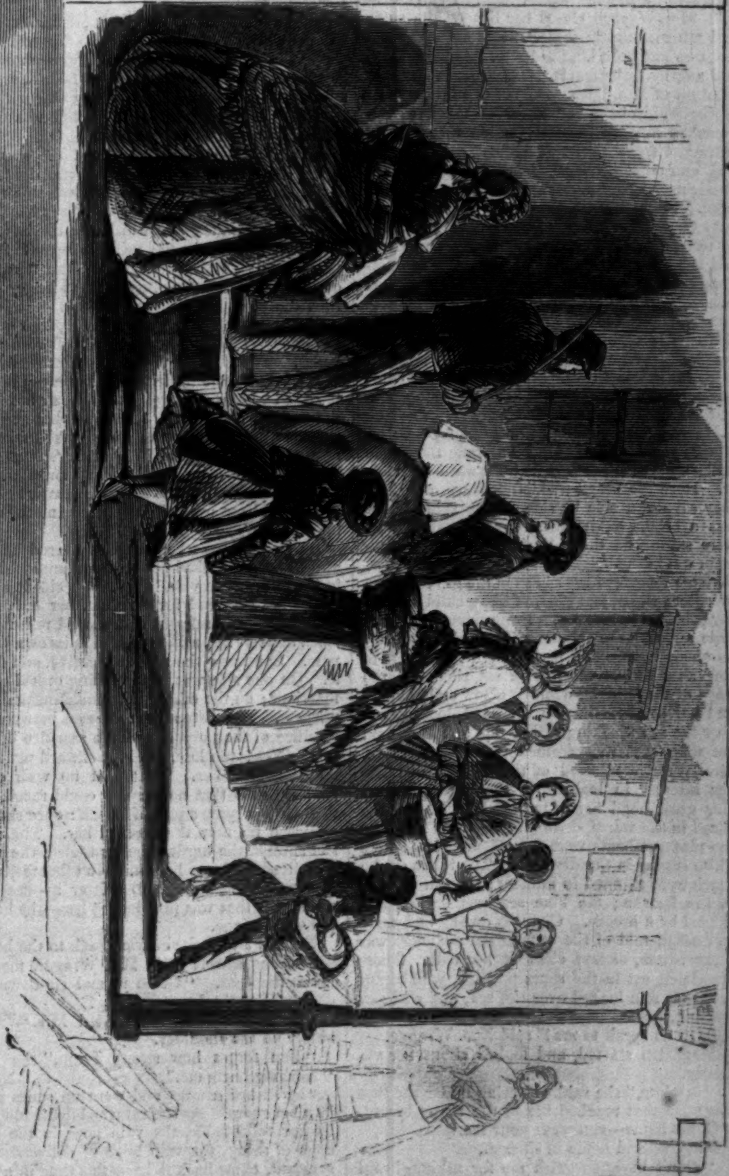
The Roman Question is keeping up a great excitement all through Europe, but no new movement of importance is announced. Garibaldi's wounds are reported to be worse; with regard to his trial, the official paper of Turin announces that justice must take its course.



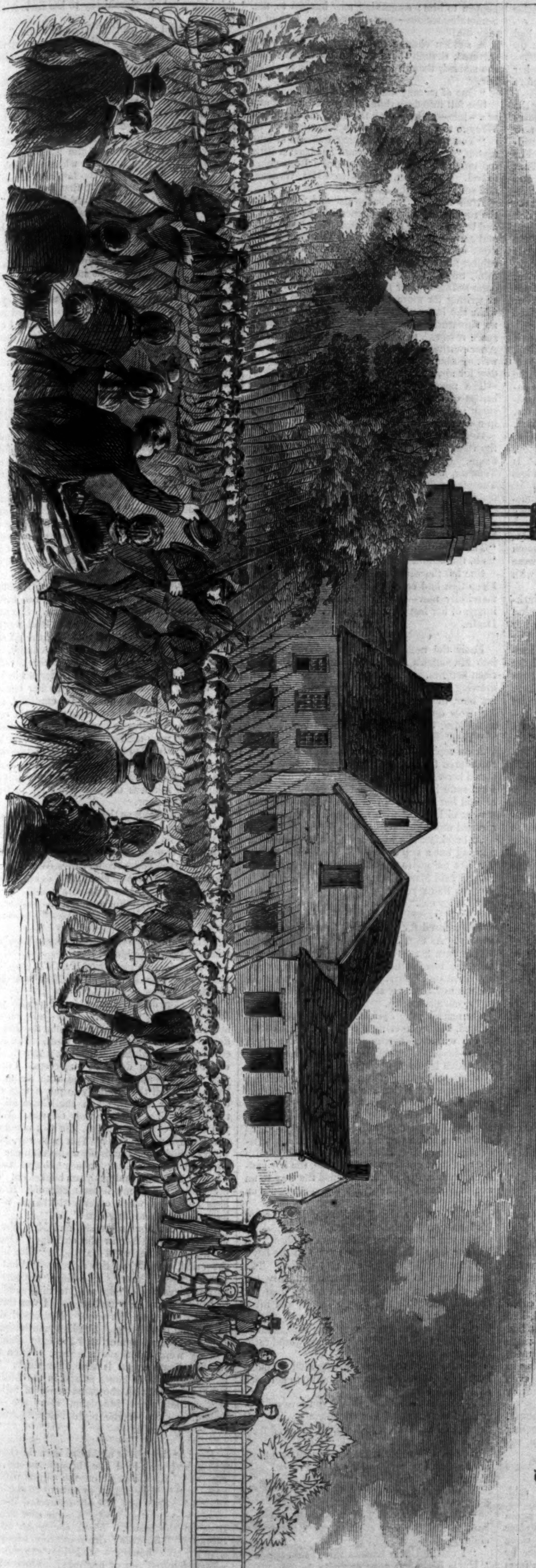
THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—THE FIRST MARYLAND BATTERY IN THE FORE-GROUND.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 655.]



Burying the Rebel Dead after the Battle of Antietam.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]



The Ladies of Hagerstown, Md., Ministering to our Wounded.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]



General Kenly's Maryland Brigade Advancing to the Potomac.—Sketched by Mr Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 655.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,
AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE first circumstance that occurred at Aldborough after Captain Wragge's departure was destined, at a later period, to lead to serious results.

As soon as her husband's back was turned Mrs. Wragge received the message which he had charged the servant to deliver on leaving the house. She hastened into the parlor bewildered by her stormy interview with the captain, and penitently conscious that she had done wrong, without knowing what the wrong was. If Magdalen's mind had been unoccupied by the one idea of the marriage which now filled it—if she had possessed composure enough to listen to Mrs. Wragge's rambling narrative of what had happened during her interview with the housekeeper—Mrs. Lecount's visit to the wardrobe must, sooner or later, have formed part of the disclosure; and Magdalen, although she might never have guessed the truth, must at least have been warned that there was some element of danger lurking treacherously in the Alpaca dress. As it was, no such consequence as this followed Mrs. Wragge's appearance in the parlor; for no such consequence was now possible.

Events which had happened earlier in the morning, events which had happened for days and weeks past, had vanished as completely from Magdalen's mind as if they had never taken place. The horror of the coming Monday—the merciless certainty implied in the appointment of the day and hour—petrified all feeling in her, and annihilated all thought. Mrs. Wragge made three separate attempts to enter on the subject of the housekeeper's visit. The first time she might as well have addressed herself to the wind or to the sea. The second attempt seemed likely to be more successful. Magdalen sighed, listened for a moment indifferently, and then dismissed the subject. "It doesn't matter," she said. "The end has come all the same. I'm not angry with you. Say no more." Later in the day, from not knowing what else to talk about, Mrs. Wragge tried again. This time Magdalen turned on her impatiently. "For God's sake, don't worry me about trifles! I can't bear it." Mrs. Wragge closed her lips on the spot, and returned to the subject no more. Magdalen, who had been kind to her at all other times, had angrily forbidden it. The captain—utterly ignorant of Mrs. Lecount's interest in the secrets of the wardrobe—had never so much as approached it. All the information that he had extracted from his wife's mental confusion he had extracted by putting direct questions derived purely from the resources of his own knowledge. He had insisted on plain answers, without excuses of any kind; he had carried his point as usual; and his departure the same morning had left him no chance of reopening the question, even if his irritation against his wife had permitted him to do so. There the Alpaca dress hung, neglected in the dark—the unnoticed, unsuspected centre of dangers that were still to come.

Toward the afternoon Mrs. Wragge took courage to start a suggestion of her own—she pleaded for a little turn in the fresh air.

Magdalen passively put on her hat; passively accompanied her companion along the public walk, until they reached its northward extremity. Here the beach was left solitary, and here they sat down side by side on the shingle. It was a bright, exhilarating day; pleasure-boats were sailing on the calm blue water; Aldborough was idling happily afloat and ashore. Mrs. Wragge recovered her spirits in the gayety of the prospect; she amused herself like a child by tossing pebbles into the sea. From time to time she stole a questioning glance at Magdalen, and saw no encouragement in her manner, no change to cordiality in her face. She sat silent on the slope of the shingle, with her elbow on her knee, and her head resting on her hand, looking out over the sea—looking with a rapt attention, and yet with eyes that seemed to notice nothing. Mrs. Wragge wearied of the pebbles, and lost her interest in looking at the pleasure-boats. Her great head began to nod heavily, and she dozed in the warm, drowsy air. When she woke the pleasure-boats were far off, their sails were white specks in the distance. The idlers on the beach were thinned in number; the sun was low in the heaven; the blue sea was darker, and rippled by a breeze. Changes on sky and earth and ocean told of the waning day; change was every where, except close at her side. There Magdalen sat in the same position, with weary eyes that still looked over the sea, and still saw nothing.

"Oh do speak to me!" said Mrs. Wragge.

Magdalen started, and looked about her vacantly.

"It's late," she said, shivering under the first sensation that reached her of the rising breeze. "Come home—you want your tea."

They walked home in silence.

"Don't be angry with me for asking," said Mrs. Wragge, as they sat together at the tea-table. "Are you troubled, my dear, in your mind?"

"Yes," replied Magdalen. "Don't notice me. My trouble will soon be over."

She waited patiently until Mrs. Wragge had made an end of the meal, and then went up stairs to her own room.

"Monday!" she said, as she sat down at her toilet-table. "Something may happen before Monday comes!"

Her fingers wandered mechanically among the brushes and combs, the tiny bottles and cases placed on the table. She set them in order, now in one way, and now in another—then on a sudden pushed them away from her in a heap. For a minute or two her hands remained idle. That interval passed, they grew restless again, and pulled the two little drawers in the table backward and forward in their grooves. Among the trifles laid in one of them was a Prayer-book which had belonged to her at Combe-Raven, and which she had saved with her other relics of the past when she and her sister had taken their farewell of home. She opened the Prayer-book, after a long hesitation, at the Marriage Service, shut it again before she had read a line, and put it back hurriedly in one of the drawers. After turning the key in the lock, she rose and walked to the window.

"The horrible sea!" she said, turning from it with a shudder of disgust. "The lonely, dreary, horrible sea!"

She went back to the drawer and took the Prayer-book out for the second time, half opened it again at the Marriage Service, and impatiently threw it back into the drawer. This time, after turning the lock, she took the key away, walked with it in her hand to the open window, and threw it violently from her into the garden. It fell on a bed thickly planted with flowers. It was invisible: it was lost. The sense of its loss seemed to relieve her.

"Something may happen on Friday; something may happen on Saturday; something may happen on Sunday. Three days still!"

She closed the green shutters outside the window, and drew the curtains, to darken the room still more. Her head felt heavy; her eyes were burning hot. She threw herself on her bed, with a sullen impulse to sleep away the time.

The quiet of the house helped her; the darkness of the room helped her; the stupor of mind into which she had fallen had its effect on her senses: she dropped into a broken sleep. Her restless hands moved incessantly; her head tossed from side to side of the pillow; but still she slept. Ere long words fell by ones and twos from her lips—words whispered in her sleep, growing more and more continuous, more and more articulate, the longer the sleep lasted—words which seemed to calm her restlessness, and to hush her into deeper repose. She smiled; she was in the happy land of dreams—Frank's name escaped her. "Do you love me, Frank?" she whispered. "Oh, my darling, say it again! say it again!"

The time passed, the room grew darker, and still she slumbered and dreamed. Toward sunset—without any noise inside the house or out to account for it—she started up on the bed, awake again in an instant. The drowsy obscurity of the room struck her with terror. She ran to the window, pushed open the shutters, and leaned far out into the evening air and the evening light. Her eyes devoured the trivial sights on the beach; her ears drank in the welcome murmur of the sea. Any thing to deliver her from the waking impressions which her dreams had left! No more darkness; no more repose. Sleep that came mercifully to others came treacherously to her. Sleep had only closed her eyes on the future to open them on the past.

She went down again into the parlor eager to talk—no matter how idly, no matter on what trifles. The room was empty. Perhaps Mrs. Wragge had gone to her work; perhaps she was too tired to talk. Magdalen took her hat from the table and went out. The sea that she had shrunk from a few hours since looked friendly now. How lovely it was in its cool evening blue! What a godlike joy in the happy multitude of waves leaping up to the light of Heaven!

She staid out until the night fell and the stars appeared. The night steadied her.

By slow degrees her mind recovered its balance, and she looked her position unflinchingly in the face. The vain hope that accident might defeat the very end for which her own free-will she had ceaselessly plotted and toiled vanished and left her, self-dissipated in its own weakness. She knew the true alternative, and faced it. On one side was the revolting ordeal of the marriage; on the other, the abandonment of her purpose. Was it too late to choose between the sacrifice of the purpose and the sacrifice of herself? Yes! too late. The backward path had closed behind her. Time that no wish could change, Time that no prayers could recall, had made her purpose a part of herself: once she had governed it; now it governed her. The more she shrank, the harder she struggled, the more mercilessly it drove her on. No other feeling in her was strong enough to master it—not even the horror that was maddening her—the horror of her marriage.

Toward 9 o'clock she went back to the house.

Walking again!" said Mrs. Wragge, meeting her at the door. "Come in and sit down, my dear. How tired you must be!"

Magdalen smiled, and patted Mrs. Wragge kindly on the shoulder.

"You forget how strong I am," she said. "Nothing hurts me."

She lit her candle, and went up stairs again into her room. As she returned to the old place by her toilet-table, the vain hope in the three days of delay, the vain hope of deliverance by accident, came back to her—this time in a form more tangible than the form which it had hitherto worn.

"Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Something may happen to him; something may happen to me. Something serious—something fatal. One of us may die!"

A sudden change came over her face. She shivered, though there was no cold in the air; she started, though there was no noise to alarm her.

"One of us may die! I may be the one."

She fell into deep thought—roused herself after a while—and, opening the door, called to Mrs. Wragge to come and speak to her.

"You were right in thinking I should fatigue myself," she said. "My walk has been a little too much for me. I feel tired, and I am going to bed. Good-night." She kissed Mrs. Wragge, and softly closed the door again.

After a few turns backward and forward in the room, she abruptly opened her writing-case and began a letter to her sister. The letter grew and grew under her hands; she filled sheet after sheet of note-paper. Her heart was full of her subject: it was her own story addressed to Norah. She shed no tears; she was composed to a quiet sadness. Her pen ran smoothly on. After writing for more than two hours, she left off while the letter was still unfinished. There was no signature attached to it—there was a blank space reserved, to be filled up at some other time. After putting away the case, with the sheets of writing secured inside it, she walked to the window for air, and stood there looking out.

The moon was waning over the sea. The breeze of the earlier hours had died out. On earth and ocean the spirit of the Night brooded in a deep and awful calm.

Her head drooped low on her bosom, and all the view waned before her eyes with the waning moon. She saw no sea, no sky. Death, the Tempter, was busy at her heart; Death, the Tempter, pointed homeward to the grave of her dead parents in Combe-Raven church-yard.

"Nineteen last birthday," she thought; "only nineteen!" She moved away from the window, hesitated, and then looked out again at the view. "The beautiful night!" she said, gratefully; "oh, the beautiful night!"

She left the window and lay down on her bed. Sleep that had come treacherously before came mercifully now—came deep and dreamless, the image of her last waking thought—the image of Death.

Early the next morning Mrs. Wragge went into Magdalen's room, and found that she had risen betimes. She was sitting before the glass, drawing the comb slowly through and through her hair, thoughtful and quiet.

"How do you feel this morning, my dear?" asked Mrs. Wragge. "Quite well again?"

"Yes."

After replying in the affirmative, she stopped, considered for a moment, and suddenly contradicted herself. "No," she said, "not quite well. I am suffering a little from toothache." As she altered her first answer in those words she gave a twist to her hair with the comb, so that it fell forward and hid her face.

At breakfast she was very silent, and she took nothing but a cup of tea.

"Let me go to the chemist's and get something," said Mrs. Wragge.

"No, thank you."

"Do let me!"

"No!"

She refused for the second time, sharply and angrily. As usual, Mrs. Wragge submitted, and let her have her own way. When breakfast was over she rose, without a word of explanation, and went out. Mrs. Wragge watched her from the window, and saw that she took the direction of the chemist's shop.

On reaching the chemist's door she stopped—paused, before entering the shop, and looked in at the window—hesitated, and walked away a little—hesitated again, and took the first turning which led back to the beach.

Without looking about her, without caring what place she chose, she seated herself on the shingle. The only persons who were near to her, in the position she now occupied, were a nurse-maid and two little boys. The youngest of the two had a tiny toy-ship in his hand. After looking at Magdalen for a little while with the quaintest gravity and attention, the boy suddenly approached her, and opened the way to an acquaintance by putting his toy composedly on her lap.

"Look at my ship," said the child, crossing his hands on Magdalen's knee.

She was not usually patient with children. In happier days she would not have met the boy's advance toward her as she met it now. The hard despair in her eyes left them suddenly, her fast-closed lips parted and trembled. She put the ship back into the child's hands, and lifted him on her lap.

"Will you give me a kiss?" she said, faintly.

The boy looked at his ship as if he would rather have kissed the ship.

She repeated the question, repeated it almost humbly. The child put his hand up to her neck and kissed her.

"If I was your sister, would you love me?"

All the misery of her friendless position, all the wasted tenderness of her heart, poured from her in those words.

"Would you love me?" she repeated, hiding her face on the bosom of the child's frock.

"Yes," said the boy. "Look at my ship."

She looked at the ship through her gathering tears.

"What do you call it?" she asked, trying hard to find her way even to the interest of a child.

"I call it Uncle Kirke's ship," said the boy. "Uncle Kirke has gone away."

The name recalled nothing to her memory. No remembrances but old remembrances lived in her now. "Gone?" she repeated absently, thinking what she should say to her little friend next.

"Yes," said the boy. "Gone to China."

Even from the lips of a child that word struck her to the heart. She put Kirke's little nephew off her lap, and instantly left the beach.

As she turned back to the house the struggle of the past night renewed itself in her mind. But the sense of relief which the child had brought to her, the reviving tenderness which she had felt while he sat on her knee, influenced her still. She was conscious of a dawning hope opening freshly on her thoughts, as the boy's innocent eyes had opened on her face when he came to her on the beach. Was it too late to turn back? Once more she asked herself that question, and now for the first time she asked it in doubt.

She ran up to her own room with a lurking distrust in her changed self, which warned her to act, and not to think. Without waiting to remove her shawl or to take off her hat she opened her writing-case, and addressed these lines to Captain Wragge, as fast as her pen could trace them:

"You will find the money I promised you inclosed in this. My resolution has failed me. The horror of marrying him is more than I can face. I have left Aldborough. Pity my weakness, and forget me. Let us never meet again."

With throbbing heart, with eager, trembling fingers, she drew her little white silk bag from her bosom, and took out the bank-notes to inclose them in the letter. Her hand searched impetuously; her hand had lost its discrimination of touch. She grasped the whole contents of the bag in one handful of papers, and drew them out violently, tearing some and disarranging the folds of others. As she threw them down before her on the table the first object that met her eye was her own handwriting, faded already with time. She looked closer, and saw the words she had copied from her dead father's letter—saw the lawyer's brief and terrible commentary on them confronting her at the bottom of the page:

Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy.

Her throbbing heart stopped, her trembling hands grew icily quiet. All the Past rose before her in mute overwhelming reproach. She took up the lines which her own hand had written hardly a minute since, and looked at the ink still wet on the letters with a vacant incredulity.

The color that had risen on her cheeks faded from them once more. The hard despair looked out again, cold and glittering, in her tearless eyes. She folded the bank-notes carefully, and put them back in her bag. She pressed the copy of her father's letter to her lips, and returned it to its place, with the bank-notes. When the bag was in her bosom again, she waited a little, with her face hidden in her hands, then deliberately tore up the lines addressed to Captain Wragge. Before the ink was dry the letter lay in fragments on the floor.

"No!" she said, as the last morsel of the torn paper dropped from her hand. "On the way I go there is no turning back."

She rose composedly and left the room. While descending the stairs she met Mrs. Wragge coming up. "Going out again, my dear?" asked Mrs. Wragge. "May I go with you?"

Magdalen's attention wandered. Instead of answering the question, she absently answered her own thoughts.

"Thousands of women marry for money," she said. "Why shouldn't I?"

The helpless perplexity of Mrs. Wragge's face as she spoke those words roused her to a sense of present things.

"My poor dear!" she said, "I puzzle you, don't I? Never mind what I say—all girls talk nonsense; and I'm no better than the rest of them. Come! I'll give you a treat. You shall enjoy yourself while the captain's away. We will have a long drive by ourselves. Put on your smart bonnet, and come with me to the hotel. I'll tell the landlady to put a nice cold dinner into a basket. You shall have all the things you like, and I'll wait on you. When you are an old, old woman, you will remember me kindly, won't you? You will say, 'She wasn't a bad girl; hundreds worse than she was live and prosper, and nobody blames them.' There! there! go and put your bonnet on. Oh, my God, what is my heart made of! How it lives and lives, when other girls' hearts would have died in them long ago!"

In half an hour more she and Mrs. Wragge were seated together in the carriage. One of the horses was restive at starting. "Flog him," she cried, angrily, to the driver. "What are you frightened about? Flog him! Suppose the carriage was upset," she said, turning suddenly to her companion; "and suppose I was thrown out and killed on the spot? Nonsense! don't look at me in that way. I'm like your husband; I have a dash of humor, and I'm only joking."

They were out the whole day. When they reached home again it was after dark. The long succession of hours passed in the fresh air left them both with the same sense of fatigue. Again that night Magdalen slept the deep dreamless sleep of the night before. And so the Friday closed.

Her last thought at night had been the thought which had sustained her throughout the day. She had laid her head on the pillow with the same reckless resolution to submit to the coming trial which had already expressed itself in words when she and Mrs. Wragge met by accident on the stairs. When she woke on the morning of Saturday the resolution was gone. The Friday's thoughts—the Friday's events even—were blotted out of her mind. Once again, creeping chill through the flow of her young blood, she felt the slow and deadly prompting of despair which had come to her in the waning

moonlight, which had whispered to her in the awful calm.

"I saw the end as the end must be," she said to herself, "on Thursday night. I have been wrong ever since."

When she and her companion met that morning she reiterated her complaint of suffering from the toothache; she repeated her refusal to allow Mrs. Wragge to procure a remedy; she left the house after breakfast, in the direction of the chemist's shop, exactly as she had left it on the morning before.

This time she entered the shop without an instant's hesitation.

"I have got an attack of toothache," she said abruptly to an elderly man who stood behind the counter.

"May I look at the tooth, Miss?"

"There is no necessity to look. It is a hollow tooth. I think I have caught cold in it."

The chemist recommended various remedies which were in vogue fifteen years since. She declined purchasing any of them.

"I have always found Laudanum relieve the pain better than any thing else," she said, trifling with the bottles on the counter, and looking at them while she spoke, instead of looking at the chemist. "Let me have some Laudanum."

"Certainly, Miss. Excuse my asking the question—it is only a matter of form. You are staying at Aldborough, I think?"

"Yes. I am Miss Bygrave, of North Shingles."

The chemist bowed; and, turning to his shelves, filled an ordinary half-ounce bottle with laudanum immediately. In ascertaining his customer's name and address beforehand the owner of the shop had taken a precaution which was natural to a careful man, but which was by no means universal, under similar circumstances, in the state of the law at that time.

"Shall I put you up a little cotton-wool with the laudanum?" he asked, after he had placed a label on the bottle, and had written a word on it in large letters.

"If you please. What have you just written on the bottle?" She put the question sharply, with something of distrust as well as curiosity in her manner.

The chemist answered the question by turning the label toward her. She saw written on it, in large letters—POISON.

"I like to be on the safe side, Miss," said the old man, smiling. "Very worthy people in other respects are often sadly careless where poisons are concerned."

She began trifling again with the bottles on the counter, and put another question, with an ill-concealed anxiety to hear the answer.

"Is there danger," she asked, "in such a little drop of laudanum as that?"

"There is Death in it, Miss," replied the chemist, quietly.

"Death to a child, or to a person in delicate health?"

"Death to the strongest man in England, let him be who he may."

With that answer the chemist sealed up the bottle in its wrapping of white paper, and handed the laudanum to Magdalen across the counter. She laughed as she took it from him and paid for it.

"There will be no fear of accidents at North Shingles," she said. "I shall keep the bottle locked up in my dressing-case. If it doesn't relieve the pain, I must come to you again and try some other remedy. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Miss."

She went straight back to the house without once looking up—without noticing any one who passed her. She brushed by Mrs. Wragge in the passage as she might have brushed by a piece of furniture. She ascended the stairs, and caught her foot twice in her dress from sheer inattention to the common precaution of holding it up. The trivial daily interests of life had lost their hold on her already.

In the privacy of her own room she took the bottle from its wrapping, and threw the paper and the cotton-wool into the fire-place. At the moment when she did this there was a knock at the door. She hid the little bottle, and looked up impatiently. Mrs. Wragge came into the room.

"Have you got something for your toothache, my dear?"

"Yes."

"Can I do any thing to help you?"

"No."

Mrs. Wragge still lingered uneasily near the door. Her manner showed plainly that she had something more to say.

"What is it?" asked Magdalen, sharply.

"Don't be angry," said Mrs. Wragge. "I'm not settled in my mind about the captain. He's a great writer—and he hasn't written. He's as quick as lightning—and he hasn't come back. Here's Saturday, and no signs of him. Has he run away, do you think? Has any thing happened to him?"

"I should think not. Go down stairs; I'll come and speak to you about it directly."

As soon as she was alone again Magdalen rose from her chair, advanced toward a cupboard in the room which locked, and paused for a moment, with her hand on the key, in doubt. Mrs. Wragge's appearance had disturbed the whole current of her thoughts. Mrs. Wragge's last question, trifling as it was, had checked her on the verge of the precipice—had roused the old vain hope in her once more of release by accident.

"Why not?" she said. "Why may something not have happened to one of them?"

She placed the laudanum in the cupboard, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. "Time enough still," she thought, "before Monday. I'll wait till the captain comes back."

After some consultation down stairs it was agreed that the servant should sit up that night in expectation of her master's return. The day passed quietly, without events of any kind. Magdalen dreamed away the hours over a book. A weary patience of expectation was all she felt now—the poignant torment of thought was dulled and blunted at last. She passed the day and the evening in the parlor, vaguely conscious of a strange feeling of aversion to going back to her own room. As the night advanced, as the noises ceased indoors and out, her restlessness began to return. She endeavored to quiet herself by reading. Books failed to fix her attention. The newspaper was lying in a corner of the room: she tried the newspaper next.

She looked mechanically at the headings of the articles; she listlessly turned over page after page, until her wandering attention was arrested by the narrative of an execution in a distant part of England. There was nothing to strike her in the story of the crime, and yet she read it. It was a common, horribly-common, act of bloodshed—the murder of a woman in farm-service by a man in the same employment who was jealous of her. He had been convicted on no extraordinary evidence; he had been hanged under no unusual circumstances. He had made his confession, when he knew there was no hope for him, like other criminals of his class; and the newspaper had printed it at the end of the article, in these terms:

I kept company with the deceased for a year or thereabouts. I said I would marry her when I had money enough. She said I had money enough now. We had a quarrel. She refused to walk out with me any more; she wouldn't draw me my beer; she took up with my fellow-servant, David Crouch. I went to her on the Saturday and said I would marry her as soon as we could be asked in church, if she would give up Crouch. She laughed at me. She turned me out of the wash-house, and the rest of them saw her turn me out. I was not easy in my mind. I went and sat on a gate—the gate on the meadow they call Pettit's Piece. I thought I would shoot her. I went and fetched my gun and loaded it. I went out into Pettit's Piece again. I was hard put to it to make up my mind. I thought I would try my luck—I mean try whether to kill her or not—by throwing up the Spud of the plow into the air. I said to myself, if it falls flat, I'll spare her; if it falls point in the earth, I'll kill her. I took a good swing with it and shied it up. It fell point in the earth. I went and shot her. It was a bad job, but I did it. I did it, as they said I did it at the trial. I hope the Lord will have mercy on me. I wish my mother to have my old clothes. I have no more to say.

In the happier days of her life Magdalen would have passed over the narrative of the execution, and the printed confession which accompanied it, unread—the subject would have failed to attract her. She read the horrible story now—read it with an interest unintelligible to herself. Her attention, which had wandered over higher and better things, followed every sentence of the murderer's hideously direct confession from beginning to end. If the man or the woman had been known to her—if the place had been familiar to her memory—she could hardly have followed the narrative more closely, or have felt a more distinct impression of it left on her mind. She laid down the paper, wondering at herself; she took it up once more and tried to read some other portion of the contents. The effort was useless; her attention wandered again. She threw the paper away and went out into the garden. The night was dark, the stars were few and faint. She could just see the gravel walk—she could just pace it backward and forward between the house-door and the gate.

The confession in the newspaper had taken a fearful hold on her mind. As she paced the walk the black night opened over the sea, and showed her the murderer in the field hurling the Spud of the plow into the air. She ran, shuddering, back to the house. The murderer followed her into the parlor. She seized the candle and went up into her room. The vision of her own distempered fancy followed her to the place where the laudanum was hidden, and vanished there.

It was midnight, and there was no sign yet of the captain's return.

She took from the writing-case the long letter which she had written to Norah, and slowly read it through. The letter quieted her. When she reached the blank space left at the end she hurriedly turned back and began it over again.

One o'clock struck from the church clock, and still the captain never appeared.

She read the letter for the second time: she turned back obstinately, despairingly, and began it for the third time. As she once more reached the last page she looked at her watch. It was a quarter to two. She had just put the watch back in the belt of her dress when there came to her—far off in the stillness of the morning—a sound of wheels.

She dropped the letter, and clasped her cold hands in her lap and listened. The sound came on, faster and faster, nearer and nearer—the trivial sound to all other ears; the sound of Doom to hers. It passed the side of the house; it traveled a little further on; it stopped. She heard a loud knocking—then the opening of a window—then voices—then a long silence—then the wheels again, coming back—then the opening of the door below, and the sound of the captain's voice in the passage.

She could endure it no longer. She opened her door a little way and called to him.

He ran up stairs instantly, astonished that she was not in bed. She spoke to him through the narrow opening of the door, keeping herself hidden behind it, for she was afraid to let him see her face.

"Has any thing gone wrong?" she asked.

"Make your mind easy," he answered. "Nothing has gone wrong."

"Is no accident likely to happen between this and Monday?"

"None whatever. The marriage is a certainty."

"A certainty?"

"Yes."

"Good-night."

She put her hand out through the door. He took it with some little surprise: it was not often in his experience that she gave him her hand of her own accord.

"You have sat up too long," he said, as he felt the clasp of her cold fingers. "I am afraid you will have a bad night—I'm afraid you will not sleep."

She softly closed the door.

"I shall sleep," she said, "sounder than you think for."

It was past two o'clock when she shut herself up alone in her room. Her chair stood in its customary place by the toilet-table. She sat down for a few minutes thoughtfully—then opened her letter to Norah, and turned to the end, where the blank space was left. The last lines written above the space ran thus:

I have laid my whole heart bare to you; I have hidden nothing. It has come to this. The end I have toiled for at such terrible cost to myself, is an end which I must reach, or die. It is wickedness, madness, what you will—but it is so. There are now two journeys before me to choose between. If I can marry him—the journey to the church. If the profanation of myself is more than I can bear—the journey to the grave!

Under that last sentence she wrote these lines:

My choice is made. If the cruel law will let you, lay me with my father and mother in the church-yard at home. Farewell, my love! Be always innocent; be always happy. If Frank ever asks about me, say I died forgiving him. Don't grieve long for me, Norah—I am not worth it.

She sealed the letter and addressed it to her sister. The tears gathered in her eyes as she laid it on the table. She waited until her sight was clear again, and then took the bank-notes once more from the little bag in her bosom. After wrapping them in a sheet of note-paper, she wrote Captain Wragge's name on the inclosure, and added these words below it: "Lock the door of my room, and leave me till my sister comes. The money I promised you is in this. You are not to blame; it is my fault, and mine only. If you have any friendly remembrance of me, be kind to your wife for my sake."

After placing the inclosure by the letter to Norah, she rose and looked round the room. Some few little things in it were not in their places. She set them in order, and drew the curtains on either side at the head of her bed. Her own dress was the next object of her scrutiny. It was all as neat, as pure, as prettily arranged as ever. Nothing about her was disordered but her hair. Some tresses had fallen loose on one side of her head; she carefully put them back in their places, with the help of her glass. "How pale I look!" she thought, with a faint smile. "Shall I be paler still when they find me in the morning?"

She went straight to the place where the laudanum was hidden and took it out. The bottle was so small that it lay easily in the palm of her hand. She let it remain there for a little while, and stood looking at it.

"DEATH!" she said. "In this drop of brown drink—DEATH!"

As the words passed her lips an agony of unutterable horror seized on her in an instant. She crossed the room unsteadily, with a maddening confusion in her head, with a suffocating anguish at her heart. She caught at the table to support herself. The faint clink of the bottle, as it fell harmlessly from her loosened grasp and rolled against some porcelain object on the table, struck through her brain like the stroke of a knife. The sound of her own voice, sunk to a whisper—her voice only uttering that one word, Death—rushed in her ears like the rushing of a wind. She dragged herself to the bedside, and rested her head against it, sitting on the floor. "Oh, my life! my life!" she thought; "what is my life worth that I cling to it like this?"

An interval passed, and she felt her strength returning. She raised herself on her knees and hid her face on the bed. She tried to pray—to pray to be forgiven for seeking the refuge of death. Frantic words burst from her lips—words which would have risen to cries if she had not stifled them in the bed-clothes. She started to her feet; despair strengthened her with a headlong fury against herself. In one moment she was back at the table; in another the poison was once more in her hand.

She removed the cork and lifted the bottle to her mouth.

At the first cold touch of the glass on her lips her strong young life leaped up in her leaping blood, and fought with the whole frenzy of its loathing against the close terror of Death. Every active power in the exuberant vital force that was in her rose in revolt against the destruction which her own will would fain have wreaked on her own life. She paused: for the second time she paused in spite of herself. There, in the glorious perfection of her youth and health—there, trembling on the verge of human existence, she stood, with the kiss of the Destroyer close at her lips, and Nature, faithful to its sacred trust, fighting for the salvation of her to the last.

No word passed her lips. Her cheeks flushed deep, her breath came thick and fast. With the poison still in her hand, with the sense that she might faint in another moment, she made for the window and threw back the curtain that covered it.

The new day had risen. The broad, gray dawn flowed in on her over the quiet eastern sea.

She saw the waters, heaving large and silent in the misty calm; she felt the fresh breath of the morning flutter cool on her face. Her strength returned; her mind cleared a little. At the sight of the sea her memory recalled the walk in the garden overnight, and the picture which her distempered fancy had painted on the black void. In thought, she saw the picture again—the murderer hurling the Spud of the plow into the air, and setting the life or death of the woman who had deserted him on the hazard of the falling point. The infection of that terrible superstition seized on her mind as suddenly as the new day had burst on her view. The promise of release which she saw in it from the horror of her own hesitation roused the last energies of her despair. She resolved to end the struggle by setting her life or death on the hazard of a chance.

On what chance?

The sea showed it to her. Dimly distinguishable through the mist she saw a little fleet of coasting vessels slowly drifting toward the house, all following the same direction with the favoring set of the tide. In half an hour—perhaps in less—the fleet would have passed her window. The hands of her watch pointed to four o'clock. She seated herself close at the side of the window, with her back toward the quarter from which the vessels were drifting down on her—with the poison placed on the window-sill and the watch on her lap. For one half hour to come she determined to wait there and count the vessels as they went by. If, in that time, an even number passed her, the sign given should be a sign to live. If the uneven number prevailed, the end should be Death.

With that final resolution she rested her head against the window, and waited for the ships to pass.

The first came—high, dark, and near in the mist—gliding silently over the silent sea. An interval, and the second followed, with the third close after it. Another interval, longer and longer drawn out, and nothing passed. She looked at her watch. Twelve minutes, and three ships. Three.

The fourth came; slower than the rest, larger than the rest, farther off in the mist than the rest. The interval followed—a long interval once more. Then the next vessel passed—darkest and nearest of all. Five. The next uneven number—Five.

She looked at her watch again. Nineteen minutes, and five ships. Twenty minutes, twenty-one, two, three, and no sixth vessel. Twenty-four, and the sixth came by. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and the next uneven number—the fatal Seven—glided into view. Two minutes to the end of the half hour. And seven ships.

Twenty-nine, and nothing followed in the wake of the seventh ship. The minute-hand of the watch moved on half-way to thirty, and still the white heaving sea was a misty blank. Without moving her head from the window she took the poison in one hand and raised the watch in the other. As the quick seconds counted each other out, her eyes, as quick as they, looked from the watch to the sea, from the sea to the watch—looked for the last time at the sea—and saw the EIGHTH ship.

Life! At the last moment, Life!

She never moved; she never spoke. The death of thought, the death of feeling, seemed to have come to her already. She put back the poison mechanically on the ledge of the window, and watched, as in a dream, the ship gliding smoothly on its silent way—gliding till it melted dimly into shadow—gliding till it was lost in the mist.

The strain on her mind relaxed when the Messenger of Life had passed from her sight.

"Providence?" she whispered, faintly to herself. "Or Chance?"

Her eyes closed and her head fell back. When the sense of life returned to her the morning sun was warm on her face—the blue heaven looked down on her—and the sea was a sea of gold.

She fell on her knees at the window and burst into tears.

* * * * * * * * * *

Toward noon that day, the captain, waiting below stairs, and hearing no movement in Magdalen's room, felt uneasy at the long silence. He desired the new maid to follow him up stairs, and, pointing to the door, told her to go in softly, and see whether her mistress was awake.

The maid entered the room, remained there a moment, and came out again, closing the door gently.

"She looks beautiful, Sir," said the girl; "and she's sleeping as quietly as a new-born child."

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ON page 651 we publish several illustrations of JACKSON, TENNESSEE, and of SCENES ON THE RAILROAD between Columbus and Corinth, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. Mr. Simplot writes:

"CORINTH, *September* 19, 1862.

"I herewith send you a couple of sketches from Jackson, Tennessee. This place is the largest on the railroad from Columbus to Corinth, and is a fine town. Pretty dwellings embowered in trees meet the eye at almost every turn.

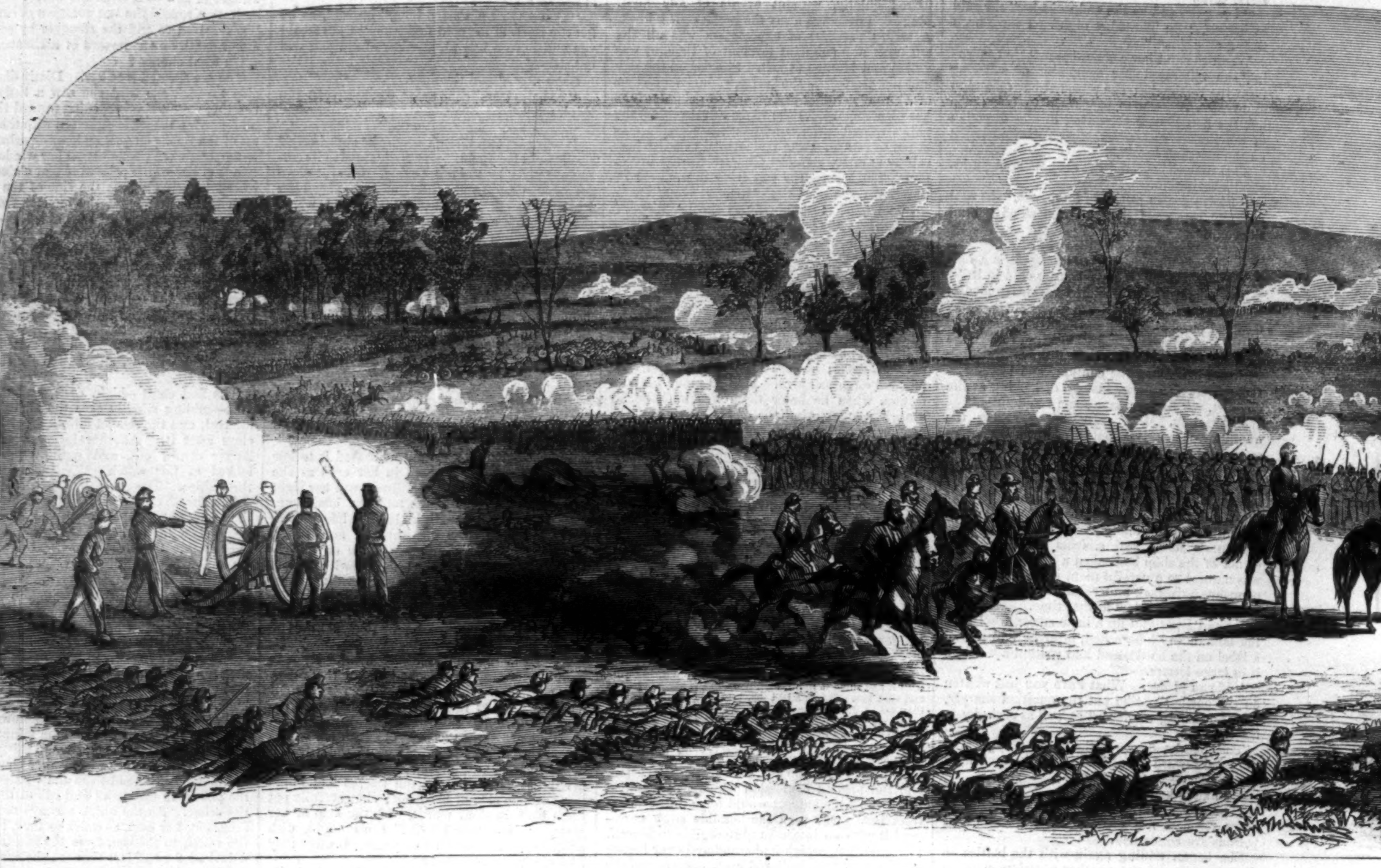
"Brigadier-General John A. Logan has command of the post, and is fortifying it very strongly.

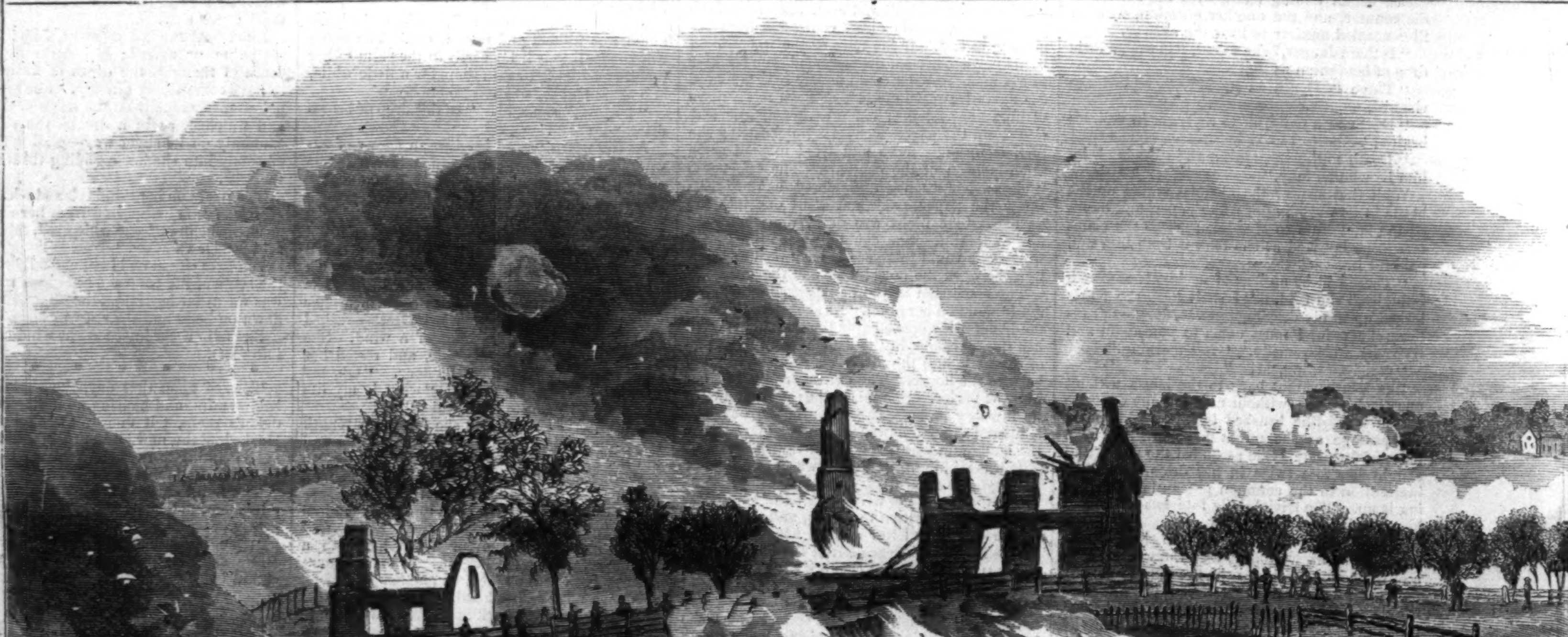
"The enemy is known to have a great desire to repossess the town, and an attack from them is momentarily expected. All the streets entering into the city are barricaded with cotton bales, and, from appearance, are fully sufficient to oppose the ingress of a very large force.

"Near the dépôt is a cotton fort—a sketch of which I send you—for the protection of that portion of the town. It is amply provided with water reservoirs, in the shape of barrels sunk into the ground, to stand a long siege.

"An engineer on General Logan's staff has constructed an admirable railroad battery for the protection of the road from guerrilla raids. They have as yet had but one occasion to use it, and that was at Henderson, a few days since, where the woods were shelled sufficiently to make it too hot to hold the rebels. At every trestle-work or bridge along the road are stationed a few soldiers as guard, and it is to this we owe our security as we go dashing along at a headlong pace."

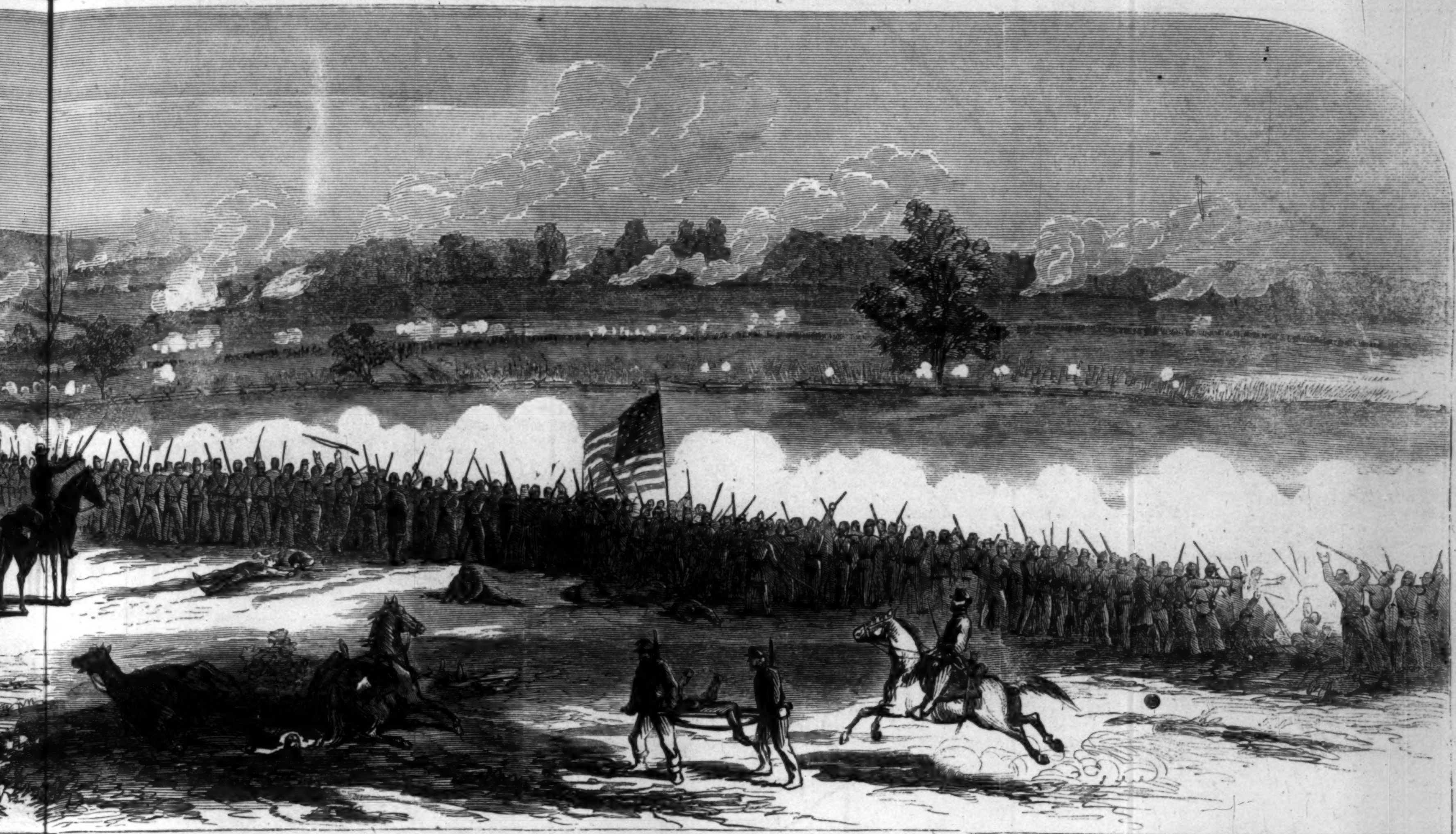
THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, FOUGHT SEPTEMBER 17, 1862—GENERAL MANSF



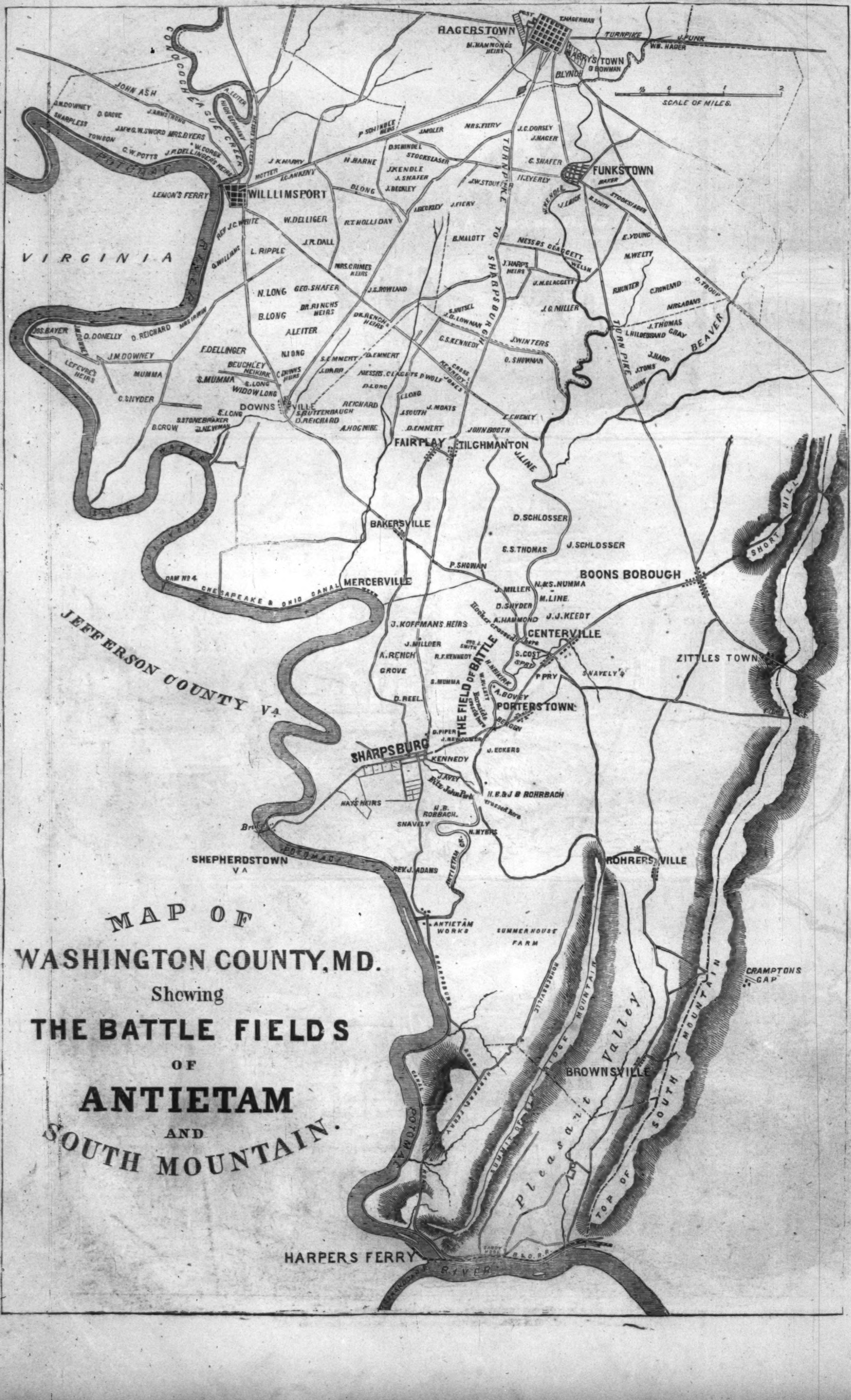


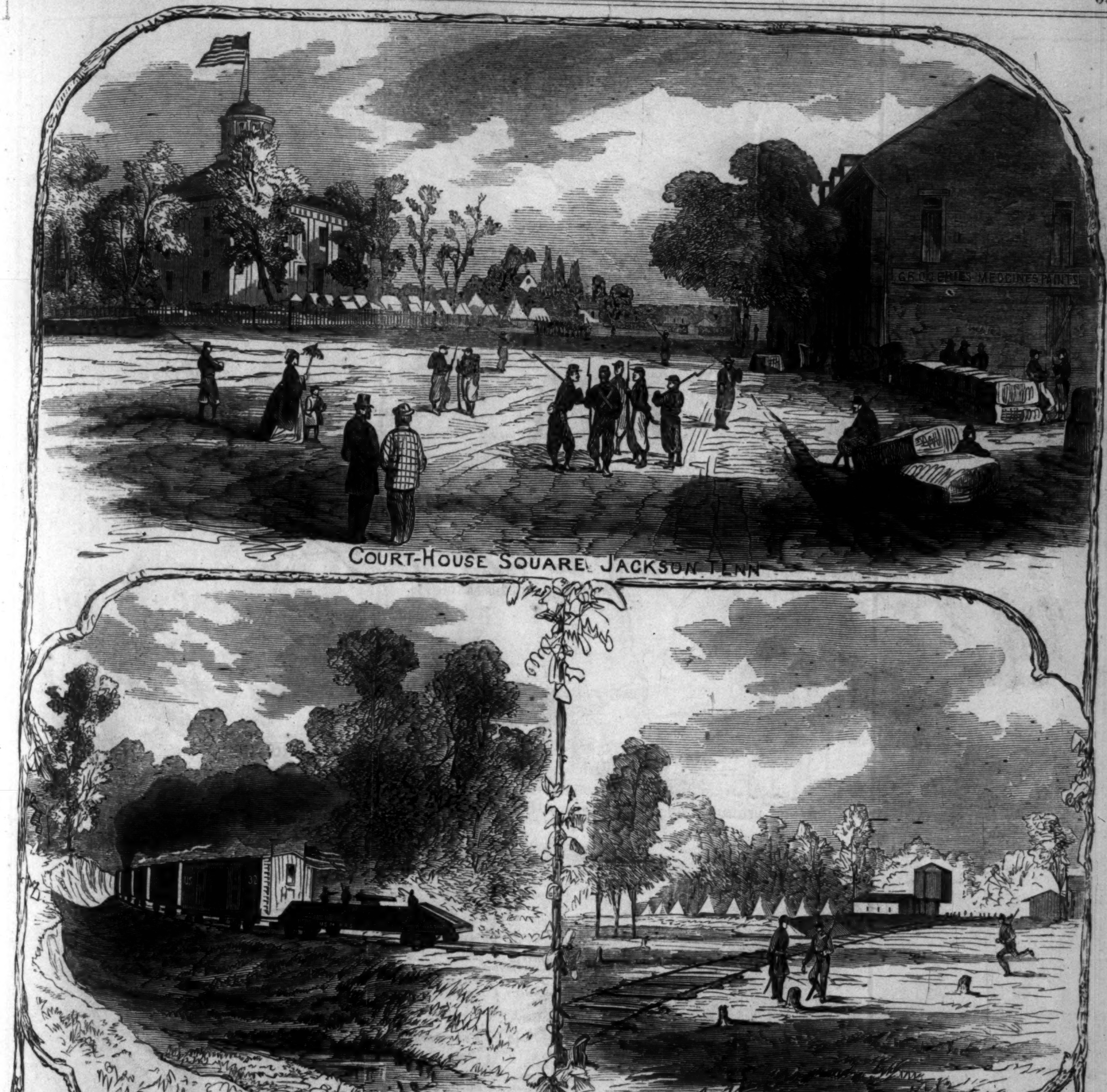
THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—BURNING OF MR. MUMMA'S HOUSE AND BARNS.—Sketched by Mr A. R. Waud.—[See Page 655.]

NSFIELD'S CORPS IN POSITION IN THE CENTRE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 654.]

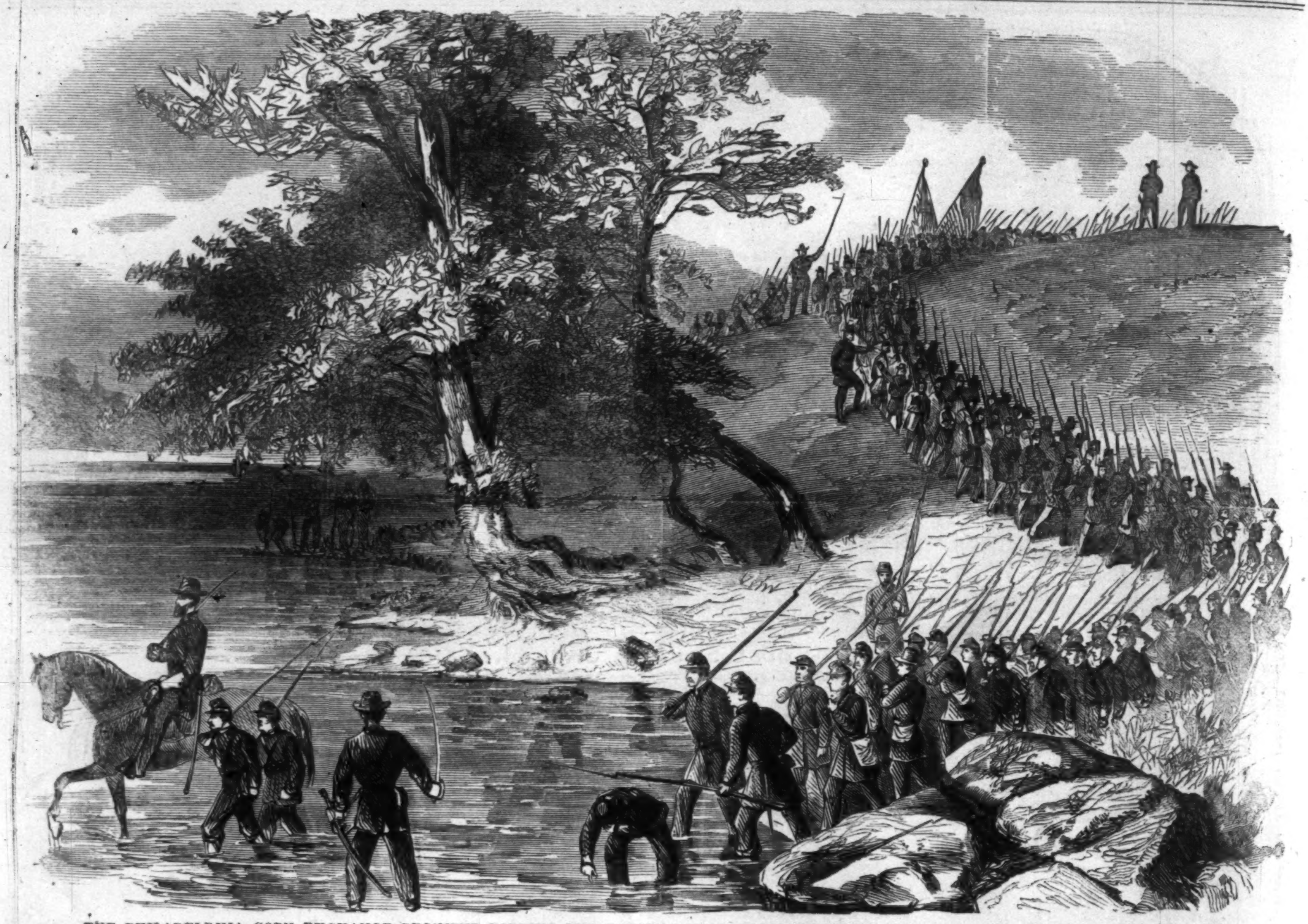


THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—CARRYING OFF THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 655.]


MAP OF
WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD.
Shewing
THE BATTLE FIELDS
OF
ANTIETAM
AND
SOUTH MOUNTAIN.
HAGERSTOWN
FUNKSTOWN
WILLIMSPORT
VIRGINIA
SCALE OF MILES.
TURNPIKE TO SHARPSBURGH
CONOCOCHEAGUE CREEK
LEMON'S FERRY
DOWNSVILLE
FAIRPLAY
TILGHMANTON
BAKERSVILLE
MERCERVILLE
DAM No 4.
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL
JEFFERSON COUNTY VA
BOONS BOROUGH
CENTERVILLE
ZITTLES TOWN
SHORT HILL
THE FIELD OF BATTLE
PORTERSTOWN
SHARPSBURG
KENNEDY
HAYS HEIRS
SHEPHERDSTOWN VA
ROHRERSVILLE
ANTIETAM WORKS
SUMMER HOUSE FARM
CRAMPTONS GAP
BROWNSVILLE
Pleasant Valley
TOP OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN
HARPERS FERRY
RIVER
BEAVER



THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 647.]



THE PHILADELPHIA CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT FORDING THE POTOMAC NEAR SHEPHERDSTOWN.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

SHELLING THE REBELS ON THE KENTUCKY BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

THE WHARF AT LOUISVILLE—THE INHABITANTS LEAVING THE CITY.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

THE LOUISVILLE SCARE.

On the preceding page we reproduce a picture of Mr. Mosler's, representing the

PARTIAL EVACUATION OF LOUISVILLE

by the women and children, in consequence of the approach of Bragg's army. On the 22d September General Nelson issued the following order, accompanying the same with a declaration that in all probability it would become necessary to evacuate the city:

Head-quarters, Army of Kentucky,
Louisville, *Sept.* 22, 1862.

The women and children of this city will prepare to leave the city without delay. By order of

General Nelson.

J. Edward Stacey, A. A. A. G.

SPECIAL ORDERS—No. 22.

Head-quarters, Army of Kentucky,
Louisville, *Sept.* 22, 1862.

1. The Jeffersonville Ferry will be used exclusively for military purposes. Private vehicles will not be allowed to go aboard of the ferry-boats without a special permit from these head-quarters. Persons on foot will pass as usual. This order will go into effect at 12 M. to-day.

J. Edward Stacey, A. A. A. G.

The publication of these orders created a terrible flurry at Louisville, and General Nelson has been much blamed for issuing them. But they may have helped to convince Bragg of the hopelessness of his enterprise, for he would not naturally care to cause the destruction of such a city as Louisville, and the order showed him plainly that the place would not be evacuated. On news being received of the retreat of the enemy business was resumed, and the people of Louisville returned to their homes.

IN EARNEST.

Here and there was a rift of grayish light; tossed midway near the zenith low ranges of cloud hills, not with snowy base and glowing tops, but sullen inky forms; all the remaining sky a weary leaden desert stretch, water running with tiny foam crests, wind moaning; all the landscape hushed and sad, as if waiting in silent consternation for the mischief that air and wave were brewing.

It was not cold, yet every body at Grant Baracole's left the drawing-room because there was a fire in the library, and as some one said, "it was such a comfort to have ocular demonstration that all bright things were not dead." They were gossiping and lounging in such idle fashion as people careless in purpose and vacant in heart will, while apart in the window, half behind the curtains, Mabel Winthrop read slowly to herself,

"No danger shall affright, no difficulties intimidate us; and if in support of our rights we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted, sensible that he can not die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country."

That was what the American David said in 1774 to the English Goliah, the assured words of men who have the truth and are in earnest about it.

"Are any of us in such solemn earnest?" thought Mabel, sighing, as she looked around her.

There was Del Cameron and her brother Reginald in the shadow of one of the book-cases. At a low-spoken word she had turned her head half away, her color rising slightly; he was watching the slight quiver of the full lips, the gleam in the downcast eyes; it was only another flirtation on the list of Del's follies that season; and as for Reginald, for what or whom did he care? Mabel, his sister, could hardly have told. As in the Eastern story, he had angled for gold and silver fish that turned black in the frying, and died uttering dismal voices of prophecy; he had plucked apples of Sodom and fed on ashes; he had ridden enchanted horses of theory to dizzy heights of speculation, and returned to earth with the eye of Faith put out; at last coldly resigned himself to exist.

There was Vivia Baracole and Allan earnest enough about each other; sneering Mayne Warren certainly in earnest about Lottie or Ethel's fortune, it hardly seemed to matter which; Hesperia, wife of Grant Baracole, and other cadet matrons enthusiastic over their babies and their braiding patterns; in a corner Grant Baracole and Jack Delaunay dissecting a military reputation after approved tea-table canons, and having it well down at last, every body closed in at the death with his or her particular thrust.

Mabel listened with eyes growing suspiciously soft and dark, like the summer sky before rain; and at last—

"Do you think people talked like that in 1775?" came out from the window in a voice a little indignant and tremulous.

Every body stared blankly, trying to piece the question and the conversation together. Reginald found the clew first in the book still lying open on her lap.

"Oh! you have been reading up; but your history knows nothing of the tea-table gossip and about-the-fire chat. Hearts were made of very much the same stuff then as now."

"Yes; but there is a difference. I can't explain, but I can feel it."

Reginald was about to dismiss the subject with a careless jest, but Mabel turned toward him such a distressed and quivering face that he stopped short; and as he looked thrilled through him suddenly the infection of her pain, waking feelings forgotten under the ice-crust of his selfish unbelief, followed by words crisp and stinging.

"You are right. Those queer, prim-powdered people were in desperate, deadly earnest, and we are not. That is just the difference."

Half a dozen voices broke out in full cry, "Not in earnest!"—the very thing that every body is talking about, that the papers are urging.

"Exactly; 'urging'—every body urging somebody else. The Government—the army—the masses—our neighbors—any one but ourselves. It is high time for somebody to look alive, and be very much in earnest indeed. The handwriting is already on the wall. If some one don't bestir himself, who knows how soon the foe will come crashing in among us? One man or woman's effort is but a drop toward the wave, therefore valueless; but if enterprise could only infect us in the lump—say by thirties and forties—because there is such desperate necessity that somebody should do something to tighten that mischievous screw that is turned 'loose' in every one's mouth, and near no one's grasp."

People sat aghast—partly at the heresy, partly at the source. Speech could have been expected from the marble-lipped Plato over their heads with as much reason as any thing serious from Reginald Winthrop.

Mabel left her seat to go over to him and take his hand in both of hers.

"Why not be in earnest, then? You who, if you would—"

He placed a finger on her lips.

"Have I ever announced myself as a candidate for martyrdom? and besides, though I call out vanity of vanities loudly as any Solomon, am I not a shareholder in the stock, drawing my dividends with tolerable complacency? I kindle sometimes at noble possibilities, just as I like a ballad, with metre all awry, because our mother sung it. We have all had our dreams, and perhaps it is true that for the child-world patriotism and honor lived; but facts or dreams, they are dead enough now, make our phylacteries as broad as we will, talk we ever so virtuously."

"I don't believe it, I won't believe it!" burst out Mabel, indignantly.

"You need not," said a quiet voice, as a gentleman who had entered during the discussion now came forward. "Life is not false, and if we are, it is not of necessity."

Mabel turned joyous and excited.

"Oh! Dr. Philips. Now you will help me."

(Reginald, cool and half displeased). "But we were not discussing truth."

"That, however, is your creed."

"If you mean that I believe that each man and woman is guided simply by reference to his or her interest, the only difference lying between base and lofty conceptions of interest, yes."

"There is, then, neither virtue nor truth. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. We may have hoped for something better—may have even started on pilgrimage, but the road was hard, or we lost the way, and forbid it, Pride, that others should succeed where we have failed! The men and women who have a purpose are self-deceived or liars, so let us all glide gently down the stream together. Out on this soft sneering devil that has possession of the age!" answered the Doctor, warmly. "We are so many spoiled children newly come to an estate contested and in confusion; we have yet to learn that we each have something to do, and we are slow in coming to knowledge of the truth; but the estate is a fact, not a fiction, and we will not sell our birth-right of liberty for a mess of pottage. God gave it us, and by his grace we will preserve it."

"From which I infer that Dr. Philips has volunteered by way of performing his share of the work," said Reginald, smoothly sneering.

"I have. I am here to spend my last day with you all."

The answer was most unexpected. Every one started a little, but still Reginald was incredulous.

"Do you go as surgeon, or have you a commission?"—which, translated by the air of eye and lip, meant in the original vulgar, "It is not so very heroic in a country doctor to accept an opening to distinction."

"No, as a private."

This time people gasped, as after a shower-bath, and Grant said in an under-tone,

"Thornton, I believe that you are in the incipient stages of brain fever, and that I should be justified in detaining you for the opinion of a physician."

A smile, sweet but how unutterably sad, shone out in the clear blue eyes.

"Et tu Brute! don't you see that any gentleman will go as an officer, scarce one as a private."

"But the degradation! the association!" said two or three voices together; "and what can you do as one of a mass, and such a mass?"

"Just the work, I trust (unless I am too vain), of the leaven in the dough. I shall be one man fighting with a purpose, and bringing trained moral and intellectual perceptions into contact with untaught instincts. Good against evil, knowledge against ignorance. Sacrifice is all I have to offer, and I give it as others do money or military skill."

"Plucky that," muttered Jack Delaunay to Reginald, but that gentleman was silent, busy with an uncomfortable ghost of a former self that was thoroughly roused and would not be laid. Rose about the Doctor a feminine buzzing, all the ladies anxious to make the most of their new-fledged hero, and talking all together, excepting Mabel, who had gone back to her window, sitting quiet and watching them disdainfully.

How intolerable they all were! Why must people be so absurd, as if there were any use in talking, unless one were a man to say, "I will go too!" Girls, poor weak things! could do nothing but stay at home and suffer, though why should she suffer. She had no interest in this country doctor, who had neither money nor position, and though he talked well, could stoop to flirt with Del Cameron. He had just picked up a little knot of gay ribbon that she had worn at her collar, and refused to give it back. He would wear it as a badge, he said. That! after— Here the sentence stopped in Mabel's brain. Prudent sentence! and to mend matters, Reginald, catching sight of her face, which I am afraid was a dismal one indeed, put his head in between the curtains and quoted,

"Then her cheek was pale, and thinner than should be
for one so young,
And her eyes on all his motions with a mute observance hung."

"The monster!" She was so glad when the dressing-bell rang. In her little airy, violet-scented chamber there was quiet at least.

She sat down before her dressing-table, her long hair falling all about her slender waist, her chin supported in her hands, staring fixedly into the glass, and Hesperia, who had followed, watching her under pretense of playing with her fat golden-haired baby, and chattering something after this fashion.

"When are you going to town, Mabel? I am in a hurry for *Le Moniteur*. Some one told me they mean to wear short cloaks. Won't it be dreadful?"

"Very."

"Or do you like them?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Very dreadful, and you suppose that you like them; which do you mean, Belle?"

"I—don't—what were you saying?"

"That it is such a pity that Thornton Philips is going."

Mabel jumped up and began to do up her hair with great energy.

"You will lose a good physician."

"Do you know," went on Hesperia, as if entirely absorbed in her own speculations, "that I think we are going—Ella, stop, was there ever such a mischief!—going to develop a romance? Del Cameron, I think, really likes Thornton.—Don't touch the bottles, Ella!—She has some germs of nobility, and the love of a man like him might make of her a true-hearted woman."

"I am sure I hope it is so with all my heart," answers Mabel with unusual distinctness, very rosy, and putting the little sparkling back-comb into her hair very hard indeed, at which deep-scheming Hesperia put down her head to indulge in a little giggle behind the baby.

"Only I must say," went on this consistent Mabel, from under the floating white skirt just then going over her head, "that there is a certain degree of propriety to be expected even from Del Cameron, and I should have thought (buttoning up her dress vigorously) that Thornton Philips had too much sense to make himself so ridiculous."

"Oh! men in love are never sensible, my dear;" with which axiom the two ladies go down the broad staircase together.

Hitherto I have said nothing of Mabel's beauty, because I hardly knew how to translate into words what is almost too subtle for thought to seize and locate. I might, like Olivia, give an inventory of charms—item two gray eyes, item two lips indifferent red, and still you would not see Mabel. It was a certain morning—seeming as if she had just dawned from somewhere, such a look as a child wears when just waked, and with the sweet solemnity of the sleep-world still upon it, that was the subtle secret of her attraction, and made the people in the drawing-room below start a little, as though they had not seen her enter fifty times before.

Del Cameron with one glance (feminine) took in every thing, from the soft rolls of hair and mist-like dress to the perfect calm enthroned on her forehead, and her face lengthened visibly, but blind Thornton Philips saw nothing. He was too busy looking into Del's blue eyes and singing "How can I leave thee!" with an emphasis.

Reginald, to whom the flirtation, viewed in the light of the conversation near the book-case, was interesting, took a flower from a vase and handed it with a meaning smile to Thornton, who nothing daunted turned to Del with

"Ah! lay it on thy heart
And think of me."

"Brava!" cried Reginald, as Del took the flower, at which that young lady had the grace to blush.

"No, eleven, isn't this?" asked Jack Delaunay, who had always admired Mabel, coming to sit by her on the sofa.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that this is Del's eleventh flirtation. I have been keeping count. There was Charlie Spence, and Eugene—"

"Spare the list! I will take your word."

"I think, though, this is serious. Del has been angling for the Doctor all summer, simply because he fought shy of her; and now, if he is in love, I suspect that she is."

"You call that love?"

"Why not? There are half a dozen different kinds of love. It has its varieties, like the scarlet fever, or any other epidemic. There is the mushroom growth—see present example—the Champagne sort, the slow product of years, the fierce passion that lives cycles in a week, the deep self-unconscious affection, part of life and soul, and then— There is the dinner-bell. Permit me to escort you."

That was a lamentable dinner indeed. They sat opposite Thornton and Del. If Mabel turned away people would think that she cared. If she looked she was afraid that she should care. She could not keep her wandering attention on Jack Delaunay, who at last grew piqued and sullen; but it was hardly over when the Doctor came to look for her.

"Miss Winthrop, you will not refuse me a game of chess—our last, perhaps," at the same time commencing to arrange the pieces as if refusal was impossible.

The table stood a little apart in the recess of a window opening directly on the grounds. The light curtains, filling and swaying with little puffs of wind, shut out the rest of the drawing-room in a measure. Jack Delaunay and Del walked away, feeling themselves *de trop;* so they were quite alone; and having neared nature, though ever so little, felt in her truthful presence the utter paltriness of the lie they had been enacting. Involuntarily Mabel had thrown aside her smile and careless look like a mask, and sat sober and silent, looking down at the board; while the keen, cold speculation that had dwelt in the Doctor's eyes all day melted away into soft depths of feeling, and his voice trembled slightly when he commenced to speak.

"Miss Mabel, suppose we try and add interest to the game by putting up stakes. Say, for instance, that, if I win, you will wear this ring forever."

Mabel looked and crimsoned on the instant. It was the betrothal ring of the Thorntons—diamonds in an antique setting, with their motto, "Fidelis," graved on the gold. His eyes were fixed full on her, questioning, yet combating also resistance on her part. Impossible now to assume coldness; her first look had betrayed her; more impossible to meet his eyes. He had made the first move, and was waiting for her.

"And how if you lose?" she asked, with a faint hope of turning the affair into a jest.

"I shall not lose."

Now, if the floor would but have had bowels of compassion and opened to receive her, or if an accommodating fairy godmother had only been on hand to whisk her up the chimney, for he was pitiless. He would smile his triumph into her very eyes, the eyes that had kept him at such cool distance all summer. Not Zenobia chained to the Roman's wheels chafed more fiercely. With heart and soul she vowed to herself that he should not win. She was no contemptible player, and she bent all her energies on the game, but she was flurried, and her opponent cool and determined; and so at last her heart gave a sudden quivering throb and was still, and even Thornton's steady face gleamed and quivered as he said under his breath, "Checkmate."

Some one parted the curtains, and bright golden hair and pink cheeks showed themselves in the opening. Del Cameron come to look after them.

"Who wins? What an age you have been!"

Mabel looked in dismay, but the tell-tale ring was gone, and the next moment half the chessmen were swept off by a careless move of the Doctor's. On one knee he bent to recover them, and Mabel felt her hand seized under the table and pressed to a mustached lip, as the cold circles slipped on her finger, emblem of what? She dared not think of it, but slipped away, and left the window to Del and Thornton.

The twilight was almost over, the drawing-room already lighted; and catching a gleam from one of the lamps, the thing on her finger sparkled as if flashing out a laugh at her. Ethel, talking with Jack Delaunay and Hesperia, saw it at once.

"How odd, and how pretty! Have you ever worn that ring before, Belle? I have never seen it."

Mabel's cheeks grew warm again. Hesperia smiled benevolently. Jack Delaunay caught both blush and smile, and his face grew dark.

"My memory is better than yours, Miss Ethel," he said, with a world of meaning. "I have seen it before. It is not easily forgotten."

"It is an antique," returned Mabel, indifferently, passing on into the hall lighted only by dim flame, and cool with the damp night-breeze. Out on the wide piazza the still night, seemed hushing and brooding low over the earth, like a tender mother leaning over the cradle of her youngest born. The vines hardly rustled on the trellis, and one could scarce have guessed at the neighboring of the water but for the lights mirrored in its dark surface; but as she looked through the branches of a larch pierced a fine quivering gleam, and streamed from behind a jagged boulder of cloud up into the dark heavens a sudden glory, flowing up in golden waves about black promontory and vapor islet, and throbbing in glancing ripples over the still water. At the moment Thornton's voice sounded behind her: "I have been looking for you. Here is your shawl."

"Oh, it is you! I am glad you came. I wanted to give you 'this.'"

"This" was the ring. Thornton put it gravely back.

"One moment, Mabel, till I say what I came here determined should out. All this summer you have halted between two opinions. You did not hate me absolutely, I think, but always sounded in your ears that dread "Only a doctor, Philips;" and if ever at any time cheek began to glow and eye to kindle, you stiffened at once again into propriety. Now it is even worse. It will be "a private in the army," or at best "a romantic madman;" yet I love you, Mabel; you are in my heart to live and die for you. If you will trust me, with God's help I will make your happiness. Choose now. Keep or give back the ring. I shall know how to interpret it."

The little hand that had been extended was withdrawn, slowly, tremblingly, to cover a bowed and averted face, and then followed a hush, broken at last by Thornton: "I had forgotten in my selfishness. I have news for you."

"For me!"

"Yes. Reginald is going with me."

"As what?"

"A private."

It was too stupendous. Mabel received it by faith; take it in understandingly she could not; not even when she read, as doubtless you did, reader, a few days ago, the two beloved names in a corner of a daily paper, on the unpretending list of a few men who are in earnest.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

We devote several pages this week to illustrations of the great Battle of Antietam, from sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud.

The long picture across pages 648 and 649 represents

THE BATTLE-FIELD ON THE RIGHT, WITH GEN. MANSFIELD'S CORPS GETTING INTO POSITION.

It was just at this moment that the General was killed. Mr. Waud writes:

"In this sketch is represented the woods on the left from which Hooker so gallantly drove the left wing of the rebel army, and also the woods on the right in which they took refuge, and which they subsequently held till they retreated, repulsing the efforts of our troops to drive them out. The fields between these woods were twice fought over, and thickly strewn with the dead and wounded. General Mansfield fell on the spot where he is represented with his staff. In the corn-field beyond a rebel General, Evans or Early, was killed. In the front, lying down, is the Forty-third New York

Volunteers; beyond, in line-of-battle, the Third Wisconsin and Sixteenth Indiana. Toward the centre the brave Thirty-second New York Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pinto, can be seen engaging the enemy's line; while in the distance the smoke of battle rises from the conflict in all directions. The distant mountains are the same on which the battle of the Sunday previous was fought."

The *Herald* account says:

The army corps which had been under General Banks before he was directed to take charge of the defenses about Washington was assigned to the command of the venerable General Mansfield. It consists of two divisions, commanded by Generals Williams and Green. The corps advanced to the scene of action in close columns of companies, arriving on the field about a couple of hours after the battle was begun. General Williams's division occupied the right and General Green's the left when the command was formed in line. The battle was raging fiercely on the right when this corps came up. With commendable alacrity the divisions were placed in position, ready to push into the contest. Hooker's men were fighting bravely and losing heavily, and assistance was required. Rapidly the regiments wheeled into position and deployed into line. General Mansfield was mortally wounded while directing the formation of his lines. A rebel sharp-shooter, seeing him mounted in front, within range of an excellent rifle, and evidently perceiving also, from his venerable appearance, that he was a general officer, took deliberate aim and shot him down. The General fell mortally wounded in the breast, and was carried from the field before his command had become engaged in the important operations of the day, in which the corps bore no inconsiderable part. General Williams, being senior officer, assumed command of the corps, and General Gordon, till then commanding a brigade, took charge of his division. The corps was formed in battle order in the rear of General Hooker, and relieved a portion of that officer's brave but decimated regiments.

On page 644 we give the

CENTRE OF THE FIGHT.

Mr. Waud says: "At this point, in the course of the day, four batteries were posted in turn. I have chosen to represent the First Maryland Battery, which fought here for some hours, doing good service in the work of driving the invader from its native land, testifying to Maryland's loyalty by hard blows for the Union. This battery was raised in Baltimore, and is armed with eight rifled light 3-inch guns. In the picture it occupies the ground upon which one of the rebel division lines was formed, the dead lying so thick as to mark distinctly their position right across the fields. On the right is a church on the edge of the rebel position in the woods. Around this building the loss of life was enormous, the little road in front being filled (as well as the adjacent fields) with corpses. Toward the centre of the sketch is a corn-field and orchard, where there was some awful fighting, the dead lying piled up in groups. The lines were formed along the little hills from which the smoke is seen rising, where M'Clellan's artillery shelled the rebel positions with a tremendous fire. The rebels had one or two batteries badly used up in the fields near the little white church, among them the Sixth North Carolina; but as four or five batteries claim the honor of their destruction, it will be just as well perhaps to leave it an open question."

On page 641 we illustrate the

FLIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS OF SHARPSBURG,

who had no notion of being "delivered" by Jeff Davis. Mr. Waud says: "Sharpsburg contains a population of about 2000, mostly Union people, the exceptions being very few. It suffered considerably in the recent battle, several buildings being burned, one of them being destroyed by the carelessness of the rebel soldiers who were cooking in it. All that was eatable they ate up; blankets they stole, and furniture they destroyed, even digging up things which the inhabitants had *cached*. Most of the citizens left the town with the women and children, hiding in the surrounding country till the rebel horde had left. A few secessionists, who remained and pointed out to the Southern rabble the houses of prominent Union men, it is to be hoped will be dealt with as they deserve. It would be a good idea to confiscate their goods for the benefit of the sufferers."

On page 648 we give an illustration of the

BURNING OF MUMMA'S MILLS.

Mr. Waud writes: "The burned mills are seen in the centre of the picture. In the fore-ground is the Twelfth New York Volunteers, protected in the bed of the canal (from which most of the water has been run off) from the fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters, which the color-bearer is endeavoring to draw. These colors, presented to the regiment by the ladies of Syracuse, bear marks of shot and shell, and are so battle-stained and torn that it would be difficult for the before-mentioned ladies to recognize them now."

Sharpsburg is almost entirely destroyed. A *Tribune* correspondent says:

In passing through Sharpsburg one is struck with the appearance of the village. You will remember it was exposed for several hours on Wednesday evening to furious shelling by Burnside's artillery. The terrible effects of his shots were instantly seen the moment we entered the village. Scarcely a house remained untouched. Chimneys were knocked down, heavy stone walls smashed in, roofs lifted up and carried off, and almost every form of damage possible to conceive of to a dwelling was to be seen along the main street. The large church, standing upon the hill to the right of the turnpike, was fairly riddled with shot and battered so terribly that a new edifice will have to be erected out of the broken materials. A large brick hotel in the heart of the town had fourteen shots entirely through it. Strange to say that in all this cannonade not a citizen of the village was killed or wounded. All who did not leave sought shelter in the cellars, and were uninjured.

On page 652 we publish a picture representing

THE CORN-EXCHANGE REGIMENT CROSSING THE POTOMAC,

in the advance of Fitz John Porter's corps. Mr. Waud writes: "This splendid regiment was one of those which crossed to reconnoitre the enemy's position on the opposite side, the whole brigade narrowly escaping from the large force which the enemy brought against it. Some killed and a number of wounded were left on the opposite side, and were not brought over till the next day, when the rebel sharp-shooters having failed to respond to our fire for some time, a number of the men went over and brought the wounded back."

Another picture, on page 649, introduces us to the

HORRORS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A *World* correspondent says:

The severest fighting of the war was followed by the most appalling sights upon the battle-field. Never, I believe, was the ground strewn with the bodies of the dead and the dying in greater numbers or in more shocking attitudes. Let those who desire to witness a great battle, and gratify themselves with the sublimest spectacle which mortals ever gaze upon, hear but once the cries and groans of the wounded, and see the piles of dead men, in attitudes which show the writhing agony in which they died—faces distorted with the pains which afflicted the dead in their latest moments, begrimed and covered with clotted blood, arms and legs torn from the body or the body itself torn asunder, and all the scenes upon the field of battle which fill one with horror and sadness, and they will be content to deprive themselves in future of the sublimity of a battle scene, when they think upon the horrors of the field where the dead lie in heaps unburied, and the dying and wounded uncared for beside them. The faces of those who had fallen in the battle were, after more than a day's exposure, so black that no one would ever suspect that they had been white. All looked like negroes, and as they lay in piles where they had fallen, one upon another, they filled the by-standers with a sense of horror. In the road they lay scattered all around, and the stench which arose from the bodies decomposing in the sun was almost unendurable. Passing after night from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown upon the turnpike, it required the greatest care to keep my horse from trampling upon the dead, so thickly were they strewn around. Along the line for not more than a mile at least one thousand five hundred lay unburied.

On page 641 Mr. Waud introduces us to the present position of affairs by showing us

THE PICKETS ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

At the time he sketched they were within easy gun-shot of each other across the narrow river. Now, we learn, the barbarous custom of picket-firing has ceased.

OUR MAP.

On page 650 we give a Map of Washington County, Maryland, which shows not only every village and every road and stream, but likewise every farm in the county; and will be found of the greatest value.

ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

On page 645 we reproduce three sketches by Mr. Davis, one of them representing General Kenly's Brigade of Union Troops moving from Hagerstown toward the Potomac; another a Scene on the Battle-field of Antietam; and a third a Hospital Scene. General Kenly, late Provost Marshal of Baltimore, and Colonel of the Maryland regiment which suffered so severely at Front Royal, is now in command of a Maryland brigade, in the advance of General M'Clellan's army. He is a thorough soldier, and his men have proved that they are the right stuff. At the next battle we are much mistaken if they do not make themselves a name. Mr. Davis writes that words fail to describe the kindness of the ladies of Hagerstown and the vicinity to our wounded. They are to be met at every hour of the day and night entering the hospitals with articles of food and little comforts which "ministering angels" so well know how to provide. Let us set their kindness against the rude behavior of the secesh females of Baltimore, and remember only the former.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

On page 652 we give a picture, from a sketch by our special artist in Kentucky, Mr. H. Mosler, representing a Gun-boat in the Ohio on the look-out for rebels. Mr. Mosler writes:

"Louisville, *September*, 1862.

"Inclosed please find a sketch of the boats defending the Ohio River where possibly it might be forded, or stationed at different points to prevent the erection of batteries on the Kentucky shores. These boats are defended by bales of hay, and their pilot-houses made bullet-proof by heavy oak planking. They occasionally reconnoitre up and down the river, shelling the woods, as represented in my sketch."

JESSIE'S VOW.

In one of our large army hospitals—now, alas! a common sight in this once peaceful country—surrounded by the wounded and dying, lay a mere boy. One glance at the fever-flush on his fair cheek, the unnatural brilliancy of the beautiful blue eye, together with the painfully-restless movement that tossed the bright curls from his heated forehead, told with mournful certainty the tale that his hours were numbered.

Yet only a fellow-soldier sat beside him. No fond mother's or sister's hand bathed that fevered brow; and tender tones whispering words of love and comfort were wanting by the bedside of the dying lad. The physician approached him, and, used as he was to such scenes, said, sadly, "What a pity! yesterday such a fair prospect of recovery, and to day no chance. Poor boy!" he continued, in an under tone; "I wonder where his mother is! but she could never get here in time. Ah, well! it's fretting so much has done it." Here the poor lad interrupted, saying, with feverish eagerness, and that pretty mingling of Scotch and English always so interesting, "It's na the fretting; it's the vow. Sin I canna see her in the body I maun in the spirit, and before night—oh me!" "Delirious," said the doctor; "I feared it;" and, with an injunction to the watching soldier to let him talk as much as he pleased, passed on—he had no time to spend by the dying boy. Thus encouraged to talk—for the young soldier had his senses perfectly—he turned to his comrade, saying, "Will you hear me tell it, James? It wad mak the time seem shorter to speak out what is in my head. Weel, then, I'll begin at the time when father, mither, Jessie, an I all lived in that sweet wee hame awa amang the Scotch mountains. We hadna much, to be sure, but enough to keep oursels, and some'at to spare for our poorer neighbors. Jessie was a very bonnie lass, older then mysel by some years, and it was na lang till she was promised to the minister of the place. A nice young man was he, an all the country round was glad when it was known. It cam Jessie's birthday just three months before the wedding-day. She was very sad, an kep saying how happy she had been at hame, an how no ither spot could ever be to her what it had been; and then, in the middle of the dancing an fun, she up an threw her arms round my mither's neck, an vowed that always, on that evening, so lang as my mither was alive, she would come—whether 'in the body or in the spirit,' she would never fail.

"'Twas a wild word for her to speak, an many o' the neighbors shook their heads as they heard; an the talk went round the town that Jessie Graeme had bound hersel by sich a strange vow." Here the boy paused from extreme exhaustion, and, as he rested for a few moments, seemed to be looking at something very far off; then, rousing himself, said, "I maun be short; it is near the time. Jessie was married, an our hearts were just as glad as children; till one day word cam that Jessie an her husband were drowned. In crossing a little loch to visit some sick folk the boat must 'a overturned, for it was found floating; but we never saw them again.

"Oh, 'twas a bitter time! My mither fretted much; for, though she kenned it true, she couldna think of our bonnie lassie lying dead an cold in her husband's arms, on the stanes at the bottom of the loch. My father fretted too. He wadna think that she was dead, but kep saying she wad soon be back to gladden our hearts ance mair; but she never cam; an we three, wi' sickening hearts, waited for her birthday; we kenned right weel that, dead or alive, her promise wad be kep.

"The night came, an we sat wi' open door an curtain drawn from the window (for when they come in the spirit it's only through the window they can look). We three by the bright fire sat waiting for the first sound o' her footstep. I heard it first, as, wi' the water dripping from her clothes, she cam swiftly up the walk, an, putting aside the rose-bush, looked in—only for one moment; then she was gone; but by that we kenned she was dead. It seemed to comfort my mither; so that, when I left soon after to come here, I made the same vow, 'that so lang as my mither lived, whether in the body or in the spirit, I wad, on the same night, stand by Jessie's side;' an I maun," he added, his eyes brightening, and a cold damp gathering on his brow. "Does no one see? Don't you hear the water dripping frae her dress? My mither, wi' her lang gray hair! See, she is putting the roses awa. How cold an clammy her hand is! It is dark!" and, with these words, fell back lifeless on the bed. In awe-struck silence his eyes were closed, and the cheeks of the bravest paled at the thought that the spirit they had so loved and revered for unfailing tenderness and true courage might be, at that moment, standing by the sister it had so dearly loved, looking through the casement on the home and parents of their childhood, while the beautiful frame it had inhabited lay motionless before them.

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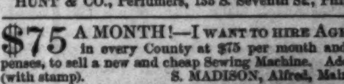

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